THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1802.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS

OF

EDWARD JENNER, M.D. F.R.S. &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere MERENDO!
VIRGIL.

IN the course of our biographical labours, characters of every description have passed beneath our review. The pious divine, the illustrious statesman, and the dauntless warrior have been duly noticed: the systems of divinity which the *divine* has promulgated have been explained—the measures either offensive or defensive which the *statesman* has taken respecting the enemy have been detailed—and the exploits which the *warrior* has performed, by sea or by land, have been held up to the

wonder and admiration of mankind. With peculiar pleasure therefore do we turn to that *generous philanthropist*, whose study has been to diminish the pains and lessen the miseries of his fellow-creatures—the name of JENNER will be here instantly recognised: his efforts, in every respect so distinguished will be handed down to latest posterity.

EDWARD JENNER, M. D. F. R. S. &c. was born about the year 1749 or 1750, in Berkley, in Gloucestershire. His father, the Rev. Stephen Jenner, was vicar of Berkley—a man of simplicity and piety. And there cannot be a more useful and a more truly dignified character than a christian minister discharging with steadiness and regularity the important duties of his station. Such individuals, of whatever sect or denomination, deserve well of the community.

The son received his education at Cirencester, in the same county which gave him birth. Of his progress in learning we have no detail to record; it is, however, highly probable that his advancement in knowledge was such as by no means to discredit either tutor or pupil: we have every reason to believe that the foundation was well laid, since a superstructure has been raised upon it by his sagacity and diligence which has at once surprised and delighted the world.

Determined to medical studies, he was placed with Mr. Ludlow, an eminent surgeon at Sodbury, a large market town between Bristol and Wotton-under-edge. Here he continued for

some time, attending with diligence to the duties of his profession.

After the expiration of this period, he visited the metropolis, and was for two years *house-pupil* with the truly celebrated DR. JOHN HUNTER. In such a situation, he must have been highly gratified—here his genius found a soil congenial for improvement. Having enjoyed such valuable instructions, we must the less wonder that the subject of our memoir has reached to his present distinction in the medical world. Whatever be the department of life, it is a pleasing circumstance to trace the several steps by which our talents and labours have attained to a degree of honorable publicity. In the generous mind, the recollection of former patrons, inspires the liveliest gratitude.

DR. JENNER returned to Berkley, where he practiced with success—at the same time keeping up a correspondence with his eminent tutor, whom he had lately left. Of this correspondence many particulars may be found in Dr. John Hunter's works. We refer to this circumstance, because we deem it a proof of the favorable opinion which the instructor entertained of his pupil, and of the intimacy which subsisted between them. During this period the subject of our memoir published several papers on intricate subjects in natural history.

In the year 1788, DR. JENNER was married to Miss Catherine Kingscote, of Kingscote, in Gloucestershire, by whom he has two sons and a daughter. During the winter season of the year, he and his family have of late resided in

London, but pass the summer either at Cheltenham or Berkley—but whether in town or country, his benevolence is ever intent on establishing his discovery of the vaccine inoculation. It has already occupied *twenty-five* years of his life—having first turned his attention towards it in 1778, and ever since that period a series of experiments has been pursued, with so much success as to entitle him to the best thanks of mankind.

In a small pamphlet (printed, but never published), Dr. Jenner has given the *Origin of Vaccine Inoculation*: its brevity and perspicuity, together with its interesting contents, entitle it to a place in this piece of biography:—

"My inquiry into the nature of the cow pox commenced upwards of twenty-five years ago. My attention to this singular disease was first excited by observing, that among those whom in the country I was frequently called upon to inoculate, many resisted every effort to give them the small pox. These patients I found had undergone a disease they called the cow pox, contracted by milking cows affected with a peculiar eruption on their teats. On inquiry, it appeared that it had been known among the dairies time immemorial, and that a vague opinion prevailed that it was a preventive of the small pox. This opinion I found was, comparatively, new among them, for all the older farmers declared they had no such idea in their early days—a circumstance that seemed easily to be accounted for, from my knowing that the common people were very rarely inoculated for the

small pox, till that practice was rendered general by the improved method introduced by the Suttons: so that the working people in the dairies were seldom put to the test of the preventive powers of the cow pox.

"In the course of the investigation of this subject (which, like all others of a complex and intricate nature, presented many difficulties), I found that some of those *who seemed to have undergone the cow pox*, nevertheless, on inoculation with the small pox, felt its influence just the same as if no disease had been communicated to them by the cow. This occurrence led me to inquire among the medical practitioners in the country around me, who all agreed in this sentiment, that the cow pox was not to be relied upon as a certain preventive of the small pox. This for a while damped, but did not extinguish my ardor; for as I proceeded, I had the satisfaction to learn that the cow was subject to some varieties of spontaneous eruptions upon her teats; that they were all capable of communicating sores to the hands of the milkers; and that whatever sore was derived from the animal, was called in the dairy the cow pox. Thus I surmounted a great obstacle, and in consequence was led to form a distinction between these diseases, one of which only I have denominated the *true*, the others the *spurious*, cow pox, as they possess no specific power over the constitution. This impediment to my progress was not long removed, before another, of far greater magnitude in its appearances, started up. There were not wanting

instances to prove, that when the true cow pox broke out among the cattle at a dairy, a person who had milked an infected animal, and had thereby apparently gone through the disease in common with others, was liable to receive the small pox afterwards. This, like the former obstacle, gave a painful check to my fond and aspiring hopes; but reflecting that the operations of nature are generally uniform, and that it was not probable the human constitution (having undergone the cow pox) should in some instances be perfectly shielded from the small pox, and in many others remain unprotected, I resumed my labours with redoubled ardor. The result was fortunate; for I now discovered that the virus of cow pox was liable to undergo progressive changes, from the same causes precisely as that of small pox; and that when it was applied to the human skin in its degenerated state, it would produce the ulcerative effects in as great a degree as when it was not decomposed, and sometimes far greater; but having lost its *specific properties*, it was incapable of producing that change upon the human frame which is requisite to render it unsusceptible of the variolous contagion: so that it became evident a person might milk a cow one day, and having caught the disease, be for ever secure; while another person, milking the same cow the next day, might feel the influence of the virus in such a way as to produce a sore or sores, and in consequence of this might experience an indisposition to a considerable extent; yet, as has been observed, the specific quality

being lost, the constitution would receive no peculiar impression.

"Here the close analogy between the virus of small pox and of cow pox becomes remarkably conspicuous; since the former, when taken from a recent pustule, and immediately used, gives the perfect small pox to the person on whom it is inoculated: but when taken in a far advanced stage of the disease, or when (although taken early) previously to its insertion, it be exposed to such agents as according to the established laws of nature cause its decomposition, it can no longer be relied on as effectual. This observation will fully explain the source of those errors which have been committed by many inoculators of the cow pox. Conceiving the whole process to be so extremely simple, as not to admit of a mistake, they have been heedless about the state of the vaccine virus; and finding it limpid (as part of it will be, even in an advanced stage of the pustule, when the greater portion has been converted into a scab), they have felt an improper confidence, and sometimes mistaken a spurious pustule (which the vaccine fluid in this state is capable of exciting) for that which possesses the perfect character.

"During the investigation of the casual cow pox, I was struck with the idea that it might be practicable to propagate the disease by inoculation, after the manner of the small pox, first from the cow, and finally from one human being to another. I anxiously waited some time for an opportunity of putting this theory to the

test. At length the period arrived. The first experiment was made upon a lad of the name of Phipps, in whose arm a little vaccine virus was inserted, taken from the hand of a young woman who had been accidentally infected by a cow. Notwithstanding the resemblance which the pustule, thus excited on the boy's arm, bore to variolous inoculation, yet as the indisposition attending it was barely perceptible, I could scarcely persuade myself the patient was secure from the small pox. However, on his being inoculated some months afterwards, it proved that he was secure.* This case inspired me with confidence; and as soon as I could again furnish myself with virus from the cow, I made an arrangement for a series of inoculations. A number of children were inoculated in succession, one from the other; and after several months had elapsed, they were exposed to the infection of the small pox, some by inoculation, others by variolous effluvia, and some in both ways—but they all resisted it. The result of these trials gradually led me into a wider field of experiment, which I went over not only with great attention, but with painful solicitude.—This became universally known through a treatise published in June, 1798. The result of my further experience was also brought forward in

* This boy was inoculated nearly at the expiration of five years afterwards with variolous matter, but no other effect was produced beyond a local inflammation around the punctured part upon the arm.

subsequent publications in the two succeeding years, 1799 and 1800. The distrust and scepticism which naturally arose in the minds of medical men, on my first announcing so unexpected a discovery, has now nearly disappeared. Many hundreds of them, from actual experience, have given their attestations that the inoculated cow pox proves a perfect security against the small pox; and I shall probably be within compass if I say, thousands are ready to follow their example—for the scope that this inoculation has now taken is immense. An hundred thousand persons, upon the smallest computation, have been inoculated in these realms.

"The numbers who have partaken of its benefits throughout Europe, and other parts of the globe, are incalculable; and it now becomes too manifest to admit of controversy, that the annihilation of the small pox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice."

In perusing the above sketch of the *vaccine inoculation*, particularly the closing paragraph, every benevolent mind must experience the liveliest satisfaction. A disease the most loathsome and fatal, by which the human race has in every age been most severely scourged, and at the approach of which man feels a sensation of horror, is about to be annihilated! Who would not exult at so divine a prospect? Who can refrain from discovering tokens of joy? It would be sullenness to withhold our plaudits on such an occasion. To find out and disclose

such a secret is the consummation of philanthropy.

DR. JENNER, beside the above pamphlet, has printed a little piece, consisting of one single page, which he denominates, *Instructions for vaccine Inoculation*—they are interesting, and shall be subjoined, for the gratification of our readers:—

"Let the *vaccine fluid* be taken, for the purpose of inoculation, from a pustule that is making its progress regularly, and which possesses the true vaccine character, on any day from the fifth to the eighth, or even a day or two later, provided the efflorescence be not then formed around it. When the efflorescence is formed, it is always most prudent to desist from taking any more of the virus from that pustule.

"To obtain the virus, let the edges of the pustule be gently punctured with a lancet in several points. It will gradually ooze out, and should be inserted upon the arm about midway between the shoulder and the elbow, either by means of a very slight scratch, not exceeding the eighth part of an inch, or a very small oblique puncture.

"A little red spot will appear on the punctured part on the third day, if the operation succeed, which on the fourth or fifth becomes perceptibly vesicated. It goes on increasing till the tenth day, when it is generally surrounded by a rose-coloured efflorescence, which remains nearly stationary for a day or two. The efflorescence then fades away, and the pustule

is gradually converted into a hard glossy scab of a dark mahogany colour. These progressive stages of the pustule are commonly completed in sixteen or seventeen days.

"A single pustule is sufficient to secure the constitution from the small pox; but as we are not always certain the puncture may take effect, it will be prudent to inoculate in both arms, or to make two punctures in the same arm, about an inch and a half asunder, except in very early infancy, when there is a great susceptibility of local irritation.

"If the efflorescence surrounding the pustule should be extensive, and occasion much local heat upon the arm, it may be cooled by the repeated application of pieces of folded linen dipped in cold water; or still more expeditiously by a strong solution of the *aqua lythargyri acetati** in water; an ounce, for example, of the former in five or six of the latter.

"If the scab should at any time be prematurely rubbed off, and not succeeded by another within twenty-four hours, the part may be occasionally touched with the undiluted *aqua lythargyri acetati*.

"Vaccine virus, taken from a pustule, and inserted immediately in its fluid state, is preferable to that which has been previously dried; but as it is not always practicable to obtain it in this state, we are compelled to seek for some mode of preserving it. Various means

* Goulard's extract of saturn.

have been suggested, but from the test of long experience it may be asserted, that preserving it between two plates of glass is the most eligible. Let a piece of common window glass be cut into squares of about an inch each, so that they shall lie smooth when placed upon each other. Let the collected vaccine fluid be confined to a small spot (about the size of a split pea) upon the centre of one of these glasses, which should be suffered to dry in the common heat of the atmosphere, without exposure to the heat of fire or the sun. When dry, it should be immediately secured by placing over it the other piece of glass. Nothing more is necessary for its preservation than wrapping it in clean writing paper.

"The virus, thus preserved, when wanted for the purpose of inoculation, may easily be restored to its fluid state by dissolving it in a small portion of cold water taken up on the point of a lancet. It may then be used in the same manner as when just taken from a pustule.

"The vaccine fluid is liable, from causes apparently trifling, to undergo a decomposition. In this state it sometimes produces what has been denominated the spurious pustule, that is, a pustule, or an appearance on the arm not possessing the characteristic marks of the genuine pustule. Anomalies, assuming different forms, may be excited, according to the qualities of the virus applied, or the state of the person inoculated; but by far the most frequent variety, or deviation from the perfect

pustule, is that which arrives at maturity and finishes its progress much within the time limited by the true. Its commencement is marked by a troublesome itching; and it throws out a premature efflorescence, sometimes extensive, but seldom circumscribed, or of so vivid a tint as that which surrounds the pustule completely organised; and (which is more characteristic of its degeneracy than the other symptoms) it appears more like a common festering produced by a thorn, or any other small extraneous body, sticking in the skin, than a pustule excited by the vaccine virus. It is generally of a straw colour; and when punctured, instead of that colourless transparent fluid, its contents are found to be opaque. That deviation from the common character of the pustule, arising from vaccine virus which has been previously exposed to a degree of heat capable of decomposing it, is very different. In this instance, it begins with a creeping scab, of a pale brown or amber colour; making a long and slow progress, and sometimes going through its course without any perceptible efflorescence. Its edges are commonly elevated, and afford, on being punctured, a limpid fluid.

"A little practice in vaccine inoculation, attentively conducted, impresses on the mind the perfect character of the vaccine pustule; therefore, when a deviation arises, of whatever kind it may be, common prudence points out the necessity of re-inoculation, first with vaccine virus of the most active kind, and secondly

(should this be ineffectual) with variolous virus. But if the constitution shews an insusceptibility of one, it commonly does of the other.

" When any constitutional symptoms occur in inoculated cow pox, they are commonly first perceptible (especially in children) on the fourth or fifth day. They appear again, and sometimes in adults, not unlike a mild attack from inoculated small pox, on the eighth, ninth, or tenth day. The former arise from the general effects of the virus on the habit, the latter from the irritation of the pustule.

" If the effluvia of the small pox have been received into the habit previously to the inoculation of the vaccine virus, the vaccine inoculation will not always be found to stop its progress, although the pustule may make its advances without interruption.

" The lancet used for inoculation should always be perfectly clean. After each puncture, it is proper to dip it into water, and wipe it dry. The practitioner should be particularly cautious in observing that its point be free from rust, either contracted by common means, or from the action of the vaccine virus, which, even when dry and in contact with it, has a tendency in a little time to produce it; therefore the preservation of vaccine virus upon a lancet, beyond the period of a few days, should never be attempted."

Such then is *this most important discovery*—and such are the *instructions* by which it is to be rendered efficacious to mankind.—It only remains

for us to state the reward which has been assigned by the British nation.

In the first place, a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to examine into three points—whether DR. JENNER was the real discoverer of the *vaccine inoculation*—whether it be a real preventive from the small pox—and whether the discoverer has sacrificed his own private practice as a physician to its ascertainment and propagation. These articles were thoroughly sifted, and a report made in the affirmative. This circumstance was the more honorable, when we recollect that the persons examined on the occasion were the most distinguished for their talents and respectability in the nation.

The debates in the House of Commons were animated and impressive. Though ADMIRAL BERRLEY moved only ten thousand pounds, yet the sum of *twenty thousand* was about to be assigned for this interesting discovery; it appears, however, that the additional sum of ten thousand pounds was lost only by *three*—a cirumstance ever to be lamented: for surely the immortal discoverer of the *vaccine inoculation* was entitled to this handsome token of respect from the BRITISH NATION. For the encouragement of arts and sciences our country has been long distinguished—in no part of the world has literature been crowned with more success—with Britons knowledge is reverenced in a degree approaching to idolatry.—Shall it then be said that in such a nation, and at such a period of civilization and improvement, the il-

lustrious JENNER could not obtain a suitable remuneration? When immense sums have been expended in carrying on a bloody and expensive war, now happily terminated—shall it be thought that we rewarded with a parsimonious hand those whose studies have been devoted to the preservation of mankind? Far be the indulgence of such thoughts from us! We admit them with reluctance—we dismiss them with joy.

The best judges of merit have come forward to pay the tribute of praise; universities, both at home and abroad, have vied with each other in the assignment of literary honors. We indeed congratulate this illustrious medical gentleman on a discovery so auspicious to the human race! The triumphs of JENNER are of the *purest* kind. The laurels encircling his temples have not been moistened by the tears of the widow and the orphan; nor are the applauses which meet his ears mixed with the cries of the wounded and dying, whose offspring are left abandoned to the wide world! No—*his* study has not been to *destroy*, but to SAVE—*his* talents have been uniformly employed for the PRESERVATION of his fellow-creatures! *His* glory is the GLORY of UNIVERSAL PHILANTHROPY!

Islington. J. E.
June 19, 1802.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 63.

RURAL TALES, BALLADS, AND SONGS.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

HAVING entered on the consideration of this *second* volume of Mr. BLOOMFIELD'S poems in our last number, we now proceed to the examination of *Walter and Jane*, or the *poor Blacksmith*, a Country Tale. This piece stands next to what has been already the subject of our attention.

LOVE, that predominant passion of our nature, is here traced through its windings, and its operations shewn in the cottages of poverty. The picture is drawn with fidelity, and many sentiments are interspersed of a very pleasing and impressive nature.

The description of *Jane* cannot fail to please the reader of taste——

Bright was the summer's sky, the morning gay,
And *Jane* was young, and cheerful as the day;
Not yet to Love but Mirth she paid her vows,
And Echo mock'd her as she call'd the cows.
Tufts of green broom, that full in blossom vied,
And grac'd with spotted gold the upland side,
The levell'd fogs o'erlook'd, too high to share—
So lovely *Jane* o'erlook'd the clouds of care;

No meadow-flow'r rose fresher to the view,
That met her morning footsteps in the dew—
Where if a nodding stranger ey'd her charms,
The blush of innocence was up in arms,
Love's random glances struck the unguarded mind,
And beauty's magic made him look behind!

The next lines mention the notice of her taken by Walter; it is simple and natural——

Duly as morning blush'd, or twilight came,
Secure of greeting smiles and village fame,
She pass'd the straw-roof'd shed, in ranges, where
Hung many a well-turn'd shoe and glittering *share*,
Where *Walter*, as the charmer tripp'd along,
Would stop his roaring bellows and his song!

Jane's mistress dying, she was obliged to remove from the village, which was to her lover a source of real sorrow——

He, when at eve releas'd from toil and heat,
Soon miss'd the smiles that taught his heart to beat;
Each sabbath-day of late was wont to prove
Hope's liberal feast, the holiday of love:
But now upon his spirit's ebbing strength
Came each dull hour's intolerable length.

To relieve this *dullness*, which soon became insupportable, Walter visits his beloved Jane, but indulges a melancholy upon the recollection that his marriage would be attended with poverty. One day, on his way thither, he reclines himself on a heath, and thus exclaims:

Why do I go, in cruel sport, to say,
I love thee, *Jane*—appoint the happy day?
Why seek her sweet ingenuous reply,
Then grasp her hand, and proffer—POVERTY?

Why, if I love her and adore her name,
Why act like time and sickness on her frame?
Why should my scanty pittance nip her prime,
And chase away the rose before its time?—
I'm young, 'tis true, the world beholds me free,
Labour ne'er shew'd a frightful face to me—
Nature's first wants hard labour should supply,
But, should it fail, 'twill be too late to fly!
Some summers hence, if nought our loves annoy,
The image of my Jane may lisp her joy,
Or blooming boys, with imitative swing,
May mock my arm and make the anvil ring.
Then, if in rags——but O, my heart, forbear,
I love the girl, and why should I despair?
And that I love her, all the village knows—
Oft from my pain the mirth of others flows:
As when a neighbour's steed with glancing eye
Saw his par'd hoof supported on my thigh,
Jane pass'd that instant—mischief came, of course,
I drove the nail awry, and lam'd the horse!
The poor beast limp'd—I bore the master's frown,
A thousand times I wish'd the wound my own.
When to these tangling thoughts I've been re-
sign'd,
Fury or languor has possess'd my mind;
All eyes have star'd—I've blown a blast so strong,
Forgot to smite at all, or smote too long.
If at the alehouse door, with careless glee,
One drinks to *Jane* and darts a look on me,
I feel that blush which her dear name will bring,
I feel——but, guilty love, 'tis not thy sting!
Yet what are jeers? The bubbles of an hour—
Jane knows what love can do, and feels its pow'r;
In her mild eye, fair truth her meaning tells,
'Tis not in looks like hers that falsehood dwells.
As water shed upon a dusty way,
I've seen midst downward pebbles devious stray,

If kindred drops an adverse channel keep,
The crystal friends toward each other creep,
Near and still nearer rolls each little tide,
Th' expanding mirror swells on either side,
They touch—'tis done, receding boundaries fly,
An instantaneous union strikes the eye——
So 'tis with us—for *Jane* would be my bride—
Shall *coward* fears then turn the bliss aside?

In the indulgence of these natural and beautiful thoughts, WALTER is interrupted by JANE, on her way to the village. They return together—are encouraged by a good old woman to marry—and by the well-timed benevolence of an amiable country squire, they are happily united. A story like this, speaks for itself—it interests all the feelings of the heart.

Islington. J. E.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

Sir,

IT is much to be regretted, for the honor of our nation and for the cause of humanity, that the late bill for the suppression of bull-baiting should have been rejected by a majority of British reprentatives. But as government may be unwilling to multiply restraints without absolute necessity, permit me through the channel of your publication to offer some reflections on the impropriety of complying with a custom which is notwithstanding still tolerated by the law.

Yet perhaps it is a hopeless attempt, because those who are not attached to this cruel *diversion* can easily perceive, without any illustration, how repugnant it is to that disposition which ought to be cultivated by every reasonable being. And with those who delight in such *amusements*, it would too probably be in vain to expostulate.

But though it is not to be expected that any remonstrances will generally prevail, I cannot resist the inclination to obtrude on the attention of your readers some considerations naturally suggested by the subject; and if they should influence only one individual so far as to render him ashamed to countenance this inhuman *sport*, a very desirable end will certainly be accomplished.

To inflict misery on creatures endued with sense and perception merely for our *recreation*, indicates a mind so unfeeling, so selfish, so depraved, so abandoned, as to reflect extreme disgrace on the species to which it belongs.—Surely if the brute creation be entirely subject to our disposal, if we can compel them to labour for our advantage or our pleasure, or destroy them for our subsistence, it is at least incumbent on us to exercise our authority with *some* regard to their welfare. Because they are incapable of resisting our oppression, it must for that reason be detestable meanness to treat them with cruelty.

What opinion should we form of an absolute monarch who could be highly entertained with the tortures endured by his innocent subjects? or of

a conqueror who could be gratified by the sufferings of his captives? Such monsters *have* existed, and their names are recorded with deserved execration. But in what respect were such tyrants more infamous than those who can be delighted with beholding the miseries and listening to the cries of unoffending and useful animals? The wretched victims, in the first and second cases, were endued with rationality; and in the other they are not, though probably their sense of feeling is equally acute. But surely it is preposterous to make the very circumstance which renders it impossible for guilt to exist, a plea for inflicting the most exquisite torments.

To a nation like us, of professed christians, of polished manners, of cultivated minds, what can be a greater reproach than that our public *diversions* should be founded on a want of humanity? Had we been educated like savages, in ignorance of religion and morals, some excuse might be made if we were *then* destitute of compassion—but professing a religion whose essence is benevolence, and no strangers to the intrinsic excellence of virtue, what can be said in extenuation of our barbarous customs?—Beasts of prey sometimes indeed amuse themselves by playing with what they have seized while in the agonies of death—but *they* make no pretensions to religion nor to reason.

A concourse of people assembled as spectators of these worse than brutal entertainments, might not improperly be addressed in terms like these:—"You are desirous of amusement,

and of amusement you have an indisputable right to partake—but what authority can you claim to torture irrational animals that you may be gratified with the sight of their misery?—Blaspheme not your Creator by contending that he gave you a licence; nor dishonor christianity by professing to believe it, while your conduct is so diametrically opposite to the tendency of its precepts. You may now be regardless of the sufferings inflicted for *your recreation*, and deride the expectation of being hereafter called to an account: but as surely as there will be a future state of retribution, so surely will you be compelled to lament the time when these innocent animals were exposed for *your gratification* to all the savage attacks of wanton barbarity!"

Other amusements might undoubtedly be followed which would not be attended with such consequences, either of misery to the brutes, or of disgrace to ourselves, which would have no tendency to harden our hearts and deprave our dispositions. What then can be more criminal than the preference which is too frequently given? What more contemptible idea can be conceived than that of wretches eager for diversion, excessively prone to self indulgence, and at the same time *pleased* with a view of unnecessary tortures! From the contemplation of such characters I turn with disgust, and conclude by subscribing myself

Yours, &c.

Maidstone, June 4, 1802. R. A.

The Female Mentor.

(By a Correspondent.)

NO. I.

RELIGION.

RELIGION's all—descending from the skies,
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right, the next.
RELIGION, the sole voucher, man is man,
Supporter sole of man above himself,
RELIGION, Providence, and after-state.
Here is firm footing, here is solid rock,
This can support us—all is sea besides,
Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours.
This hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

YOUNG.

AS this essay is intended for the use of those who have passed the period allotted for education, and are about to quit the haven of parental security, embarking on the turbulent and tempestuous ocean of wedded life, the author will therefore confine her observations to such duties as are most conducive to married happiness. It will be her endeavour, as briefly as possible, to point out these errors that too frequently destroy the existence of domestic harmony.—There being no basis but that of Religion on which we can erect the column of virtue, she is inclined to hope that she shall find some advocates, even in this age of levity, for what may be termed her antideluvian notions of female duties. Encouraged by this thought,

she makes no apology for beginning her little work with an earnest request that they will venture to peruse the first essay, though the formidable title of Religion stands at the head of it. She assures them she is no gloomy moralist, no rigid sectary declaiming against the pleasures of youth; nor is she about to plant the thorns of care on the brow of festivity: on the contrary, she would only lead them into a safe and pleasant path under the guidance of religion and virtue, in which it would be as much their interest as it is their duty to continue. That her opinion may not appear singular, she will quote that of an admired moralist, Dr. Gregory, on this highly important subject:

"The general opinion of mankind that there is a strong connection between a religious disposition and a feeling heart, appears from the universal dislike all men have to infidelity in the fair sex; we not only look on it as removing the principal security we have for their virtue, but as the strongest proof of their want of that softness and delicate sensibility of heart which peculiarly endears them to us, and more effectually secures their empire over us than any quality they can possess."

It is in the spring of life that the feelings are most alive to the impressions of sensibility; and the barren mind that is not early impressed with love, reverence, and admiration for that all-wise and perfect Being whose beneficence and goodness presides over the whole order of creation, governing, directing, and supporting the

vast extent of sublunary events—those, I think, who do not early feel a love for that Being who alone constitutes our happiness here, and our hopes in futurity hereafter—will seek in vain for the delights such contemplation yield in a more advanced period, when worldly anxieties and disappointments have stupified the senses, and rendered the heart callous to the refined sensations of sensibility. But whilst the blessings and pleasures of youth float around us, the heart, one should think, would naturally expand with gratitude, gratitude would produce praise, and praise is certainly the most acceptable sacrifice that a frail mortal can offer to the great Author of all good! But, alas! candor obliges us to confess, that many who are surrounded by the delights of life too frequently become forgetful of the source from whence they are derived. A thorough knowledge of the human heart in this point of view most probably led Solomon to deliver that serious admonition so well known, but unfortunately for society so little attended to: "*Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*" Was this impressive admonition properly regarded, it would improve every relative duty of life, and cement more firmly the great family of mankind; the dominion of vice and of folly would be abolished, and at length finally annihilated; peace and virtue, once more revisiting the earth, would take up their abode among the children of men!

Whilst the best days of life, those of youth

and gladness, unheeded flit away, we content ourselves with thinking that we are at least negatively good, that is to say, as good as our neighbours; we therefore very deliberately resolve to amend whatever may be amiss in our moral conduct at some future period—which perhaps never arrives. How very aptly does the bard point out the folly and absurdity of such conduct in the following words:

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool; knows it at forty, and reforms his plan; at fifty chides his infamous delay, pushes his prudent purpose to reform in all the magnanimity of thought, resolves, then resolves—and dies the same!"

It is seldom indeed that we properly feel our own weakness and dependance till bowed down by affliction or humbled by sorrow: then it is we look with hope and satisfaction towards that Power who has graciously promised to guard and succour those who truly seek him. But how can we with any degree of confidence presume to hope for consolation from religion in the hour of affliction if we have neglected to submit to its authority in the gay days of youth and prosperity? "You must first," says the elegant and much admired Blair, "apply to it as the guide of life, before you can have recourse to it as the refuge of sorrow." By religion I do not mean a gloomy unsocial spirit, that confines itself to one system of action, and presumes to think it leads its votaries to attend constant at places of worship, and believe with-

out taking the trouble to enquire, while they revile with acrimony every other sect of christians: this is I know frequently called religion —it is, however, very unlike the real spirit of that pure faith which we profess to believe; it may be zeal or bigotry—but it is not religion. Hence it is that devotion, assuming the garb of austerity, too often deters the young and inexperienced from seeking for that support and consolation which the duties of holiness would never fail to bestow. RELIGION, in my humble opinion, teaches us to look with humility and gratitude towards our Creator, and to make the Gospel of his blessed Son the directory of our lives and conduct. The precepts there inculcated will naturally lead us to the practice of every relative and moral duty.

As I do not feel myself equal to the thorough elucidation of this subject, I shall refer my readers to an excellent little work, entitled, *An Address to young People on the Necessity and Importance of Religion*, by the Rev. Mr. Evans—a gentleman to whom the rising generation are much indebted for many pieces written solely for their improvement.

(To be continued.)

JACKSON'S JOURNEY

OVERLAND FROM INDIA TOWARDS ENGLAND.

THE following sheets (says the author in his preface) will serve to prove that which is practicable at all seasons: if the traveller pass thro' Arabia in winter, when it is temperate, he will find it excessively cold among the high mountains in Armenia; if he suffers a little from the excessive heat of the summer in Arabia (which may be justly said to be the hottest place in the world), he will find the rest of his journey temperate and pleasant, which may be said to be in some measure a recompence. When the author was in Arabia, at midsummer, the fruits were in full season, and they continued in that state all the way he came to Vienna—and fruits are in those places a very great luxury.

On the 4th of May, 1797, at eight P. M. Mr. Jackson left Bombay, and embarked on board the country ship Pearl, R. Spence, master, bound to Bussora, having in company James Stevens, Esq. in the civil service, Capt. John Reid, late commander of the Princess Royal Indiaman, and Mr. James Morley, and on the 18th of June arrived in Bussora, from whence, after describing the place, they depart, June 25th. Their arrangement for the journey was as follows:

Every thing having having been prepared, under the direction of Mr. Manerty, for our de-

parture for Bagdad, an Arab Sheik, named Abdallah Teef, a very respectable man, engaged to conduct us safely thither, for which we paid him 1300 piasters. This sum, it is to be observed, was only for three boats and guards, having ourselves provided a good stock of provisions of all sorts, with culinary utensils, cooks, and other servants, which cost us 500 piasters more.

Our boats being brought up to Margill, at five o'clock we took leave of Mr. Manerty, and embarked—two of the boats containing the passengers, the other boat, our additional guards. Immediately after embarking, we were dressed so as to resemble the Arabs in our appearance; and our mustaches were now grown pretty long, having never shaved since we left India.

Every attention was paid to our personal safety, the Sheik being always in one of our boats, and his brother, Ahmood Sollay, in the other.

As these boats were admirably calculated for their intended purpose, the following account of them may not be unacceptable.

Description of the Boat generally called a Donek, but sometimes a Kiraffe, used by the Arabs upon the Rivers Euphrates and Tygris.

The extreme breadth is seven feet nine inches; the length, forty-two feet. It is built of strong rough timbers, at eighteen inches distance, connected by small rough pieces of board, and covered with a coat of bitumen about hal

an inch thick on the outside, which, in case of a leak, is very easily repaired. The inside is lined with the same kind of rough boards, none above three feet long, and of very unequal breadths, the lining is of course full of holes. Some of these boats, instead of boards, are covered with basket work, having a coat of bitumen upon it. They are very sharp at each end, and sail fast. Their oars are rough poles, having a piece of board tied on with a cord.—They have besides strong timbers, which go down to the keel, and are about three feet above the gunwale; these are full of notches, to which they fasten their oars with strong kya rope, and by these they either raise or lower the oar as is most convenient. They have no tiller, but are enabled to steer with great accuracy by means of a strong kya rope fastened to both sides of the rudder; and they very seldom use more than five oars at a time.

We had part of the boat abaft the mast covered with mats, to defend us from the sun, which we found of great service.

In the fore-part was a place built with brick and clay for the purpose of dressing our victuals; and this convenience we found of great use, as it enabled us to provide every thing necessary without frequent landings.

Noticing Corny, at the conflux of the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, which the author observes is supposed by some learned men to have been the scite of the garden of Eden. Its present wretched appearance, however, gives it no pretensions to the name of the Terrestrial

Paradise, as described by Milton. It is a small village surrounded by a mud wall, containing few inhabitants, with very little cultivation.

Passing several Arab encampments with abundance of cattle, they arrived at Suke-Shue, a very large town on the right bank of the river, where (says the author) we were treated by our Sheik with a dinner in the Arab fashion. It consisted of a dozen and a half of fish, about the size of mackarel, fried in ghie; a dozen boiled fowls; and cakes made of barley-flour, fresh baked, with plenty of milk. We sat upon the ground, agreeable to the custom of the country, in a garden adjoining the river, under the shade of a grove of date and fig trees. The fish, fowls, and bread were very sweet and good, but the milk was sour, and not very palatable to an European. We did not make use of knives and forks, as in Europe, but ate with our fingers, as the Arabs do, tearing the fowls and fish in pieces; and the Sheiks seemed highly pleased by our compliance with their customs.

I was much amused by observing the dexterity of the Arab women in baking their bread: they have a small place built with clay, between two and three feet high, having a hole at the bottom for the convenience of drawing out the ashes, something similar to that of a lime kiln. The oven (which I think is the most proper name for this place) is usually about fifteen inches wide at top, and gradually grows wider to the bottom. It is heated with wood, and when sufficiently hot and perfectly clear from

smoke, having nothing but clear embers at bottom (which continue to reflect great heat), they prepare the dough in a large bowl, and mould the cakes to the desired size on a board or stone placed near the oven. After they have kneaded the cake to a proper consistence, they pat it a little, then toss it about with great dexterity in one hand till it is as thin as they choose to make it; they then wet one side of it with water, at the same time wetting the hand and arm with which they put it into the oven. The wet side of the cake adheres fast to the side of the oven till it is sufficiently baked, when, if not paid proper attention to, it would fall down among the embers. If they were not exceedingly quick at this work, the heat of the oven would burn the the skin from off their hands and arms; but with such amazing dexterity do they perform it, that one woman will continue keeping three or four cakes at a time in the oven till she has done baking. This mode, let me add, does not require half the fuel that is made use of in Europe.

While here a principal Sheik paid the travellers a visit, and brought his daughter with him—she was about twelve years of age; and every person was obliged to stand in his presence, except ourselves and our Sheik. I had here an opportunity of observing the respect which the Arabs pay their chiefs. An Arab of distinction having a letter of some consequence for the Sheik, presented it on his knees, and received it back again in the same posture, the

secretary having, after reading the letter, put the Sheik's seal on the back of it.

The Sheiks and principal people wear on the left hand a neat silver or gold ring, in which a square stone is set, with their names engraved on it at full length. On this ring they lay a thick ink, till it will make a fair impression, then stamp it on the letter, and this serves for their signature. Some of the stones are red and some white cornelians.

We were much pestered here by a number of people having different disorders; for they imagine that an European can cure all complaints, and implicitly adopt whatever is prescribed for them.

On leaving the river Euphrates, the author says—I cannot quit the Euphrates without taking notice of its salubrious water, which is by much the most pleasant that I ever tasted. Though very muddy when it is first taken up, it soon becomes perfectly clear; and while I could get this water, I had not the least desire for either wine or spirits.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Great Public Characters.

NO. 2.

TOUSSAINT,

THE BLACK GENERAL AT ST. DOMINGO.

(Concluded from page 53.)

THE president of the royal audience at St. Domingo (Don Joachim Garcia) had placed Toussaint under the orders of the Marquis d'Hermena, one of the bravest and ablest officers of the Spanish army. On the 25th of June, 1794, Toussaint, after hearing mass and taking the sacrament with uncommon marks of devotion, quitted the church, mounted his horse, and surrounding by his own troops the Spaniards under his command, coolly ordered them all to be massacred! Old and young, men, women, and children, were indiscriminately put to the sword—many having previously undergone the extremes of brutality from the army of the negro chief!! The churches were pillaged, and the property of individuals, as well as of the Spanish government, carried away.

Three hours before this massacre, Toussaint Louverture had renewed his oath of fidelity to the King of Spain before Don Garcia and the Marquis d' Hermena! It was no sooner committed than he marched with his troops to

Port de Paix, where he took the oath of fidelity to the French Republic in the presence of General Etienne Laveaux, who at that time commanded in Saint Domingo!

Toussaint Louverture was now made general of division, and lieutenant governor of Saint Domingo; and thus elevated, saw himself in a condition successfully to prepare the way for his own usurpation.

After various acts of atrocity, and many singular artifices played off alternately in the interests of France and Spain by this singular character, in order to accomplish the grand object of his ambition, his real intentions were so far from being suspected, that he was every where applauded: he was hailed the saviour of the colony, and the directory expressed its satisfaction and gratitude, aiding the delusion by a present of a habit richly embroidered, a most elegant sabre, and several pair of pistols of the manufactory at Versailles!

While Toussaint gained a decisive triumph in France, he compelled by his intrigues and violence the commissioner Raymond to put into his hands the entire and absolute administration of the colony. Being thus rendered absolute master of the island, and without a rival, he never ceased to exercise a tyranny almost as intolerable in its means as in its object. At the conclusion of the late troubles, which agitated the northern part of the island, (in which near 600 white people were slain, together with all the black domestics of the estates on which they resided,) the negro chief

caused his own nephew, General Moyse, to be shot—the same who had been the secret agent of his dark intrigues.

There wanted but one formal act to add to the splendor of the successful ambition of this perfidious African—this was solemnly to dissolve the ties which united the colony to the mother country, to proclaim his independence by public acts, and constitute himself the supreme head of the island. This last enterprise, so long meditated, and so steadily prepared, in the midst of so many treasons, characterised with the blood of so many victims, was executed on the 13th Messidor (1st July), 9th year of the republic.

The grand object of the black general being accomplished, having the whole colony under his immediate influence, the efforts of the French government became more immediately directed in opposition to the power of this usurper; and accordingly we find, even while the negotiations for peace were going on, a powerful squadron, under the command of General Leclerc, dispatched to the island of St. Domingo. A narrative of this affair being already laid before the public, it would be superfluous to enter into the detail; we shall therefore conclude this article with a short sketch of his person and character.

This celebrated negro is of the middle stature; he has a fine eye, and his glances are rapid and penetrating. Extremely sober by habit, his activity in the prosecution of his enterprizes is incessant. He is an excellent

horseman, and travels on occasion with inconceivable rapidity, arriving frequently at the end of his journey alone, or almost unattended, his aides-de-camp and his domestics being unable to follow him in journies which are often of fifty or sixty leagues. He sleeps generally in his clothes, and gives very little time either to repose or to his meals.

His dress is usually a general's uniform. He always has a handkerchief twisted round his head, over which he wears a military hat.

His disposition is dark and taciturn. He seldom speaks the French language, and that very ill. All his actions are covered with such a profound veil of hypocrisy, that, although his life has been a series of treachery or crimes, all who approach him are betrayed into an opinion of the purity of his intentions. The Marquis d'Hermena, that intelligent and distinguished Spanish officer of whom I have already spoken, said of him—"If God descended on earth, he could not inhabit a heart more apparently good than that of Toussaint Louverture."

His character is a strange and frightful mixture of fanaticism and fierce passions. He passes without remorse from the altar to premeditated carnage, and from devotion to the darkest contrivances of perfidy. He appears always surrounded by priests, for whom he affects uncommon veneration. Priests generally draw up his proclamations. He lately had three confessors—an Italian ecclesiastic named

Martini, the curate of Cape Francais, and the Abbe Moliere, resident in that city.

But all this exterior of devotion is no other than a mask, with which he finds it useful to cover the depraved passions of his heart, more successfully to direct the blind credulity of the negroes. If he were still further to extend his hypocrisy and his influence over them (of which he is capable, if he sees need), it cannot be doubted that with the extravagant ideas the blacks have formed of him, seconded by the priests, who are devoted to his service, he might assume the character of an inspired personage, and be obeyed, in his commands to his followers, to commit all crimes in the name of Heaven.

Toussaint Louverture is not sincerely attached to the liberation of the negroes, and detests the dominion of Europeans. He loathes with a mortal hatred the mulattoes, whose race in the colony he has almost rooted out. He despises his own brethren, the negroes, whom he employs merely as instruments of his ambition, and whose death he coldly commands by thousands, when his power is in the least menaced.

He abused the confidence of his first benefactors; he betrayed his own faction, the Spanish, English, mulattoes, white people, France under royal government, republican France, his own blood, his country, and the religion he professes to respect.

Such is the portrait of Toussaint Louverture, whose life, when there shall be opportunity of

writing it with more ample circumstances, will furnish a striking example of the crimes to which ambition will lead, when education, integrity and honor do not check its natural progress.——This man has at length capitulated, upon condition that he should be suffered to seek repose during the remainder of his life.

LITTLE DOMINICK,

OR, THE WELSH SCHOOLMASTER AND IRISH PUPIL.

From the Essay on Irish Bulls, by Richard Lovell Edgeworth and Maria Edgeworth.

LITTLE DOMINICK was born at Fort-Reilly, in Ireland, and bred no where till his tenth year; when he was sent to Wales, to learn manners and grammar at the school of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reasons to think himself the greatest of men—for he had over his chimney-piece a well smoked genealogy, duly attested, tracing his ancestry in a direct line up to Noah; and, moreover, he was nearly related to the learned etymologist who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio volume to prove that the language of Adam and Eve, in Paradise, was pure Welsh. With such causes to be proud, Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones was excuseable for sometimes seeming to forget that a schoolmaster is but a man. He, however, sometimes entirely forgot that a boy is but a boy, and this hap-

pened most frequently with respect to Little Dominick.

This unlucky wight was flogged every morning by his master, not for his vices, but for his vicious constructions; and laughed at every evening for his idiomatic absurdities. They would probably have been inclined to sympathise in his misfortunes, but that he was the only Irish boy at school; and as he was at a distance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a just object of obloquy and derision. Every sentence he spoke was a bull, every two words he put together proved a false concord, and every sound he articulated betrayed the brogue; but, as he possessed some of the characteristic boldness of those who have been dipped in the Shannon, though he was only Little Dominick, he shewed himself able and willing to fight his own battles with the host of foes by whom he was encompassed. Some of these, it was said, were nearly of twice his stature. This may be exaggerated; but it is certain that our hero sometimes ventured, with sly Irish humour, to revenge himself on his most powerful tyrant, by mimicking the Welsh accent in which Mr. Owen ap Jones said to him—"Cot pless me, you plockit, and shall I never *learn* you Enclish crammer?"

It was whispered in the ear of this Dionysius that our little hero was a mimick—and he was now treated with increased severity.

The midsummer holidays approached; but he feared that they would shine no holidays for

him. He had written to his mother, to tell her that school would break up the 21st; and begged an answer without fail by return of post—but no answer came.

It was now nearly two months since he had heard from his dear mother, or any of his friends in Ireland. His spirits began to sink under the pressure of these accumulated misfortunes—he slept little, eat less, and played not at all: indeed nobody would play with him on equal terms, because he was nobody's equal; his schoolfellows continued to consider him as a being, if not of a different species, at least of a different *cast* from themselves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones's triumph over the little Irish plockit was nearly compleat, for the boy's heart was almost broken, when there came to the school a new scholar—O, how unlike the rest!—His name was Edwards: he was the son of a neighbouring Welsh gentleman, and he had himself the spirit of a gentleman.—When he saw how poor Dominick was persecuted, he took him under his protection, fought his battles with the Welsh boys, and instead of laughing at him for speaking Irish, he endeavored to teach him to speak English. In his answers to the first questions Edwards ever asked him, Little Dominick made two blunders, which set all his other companions in a roar—yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine bulls.

In answer to the question, "Who is your father?" Dominick said with a deep sigh, "I

have no father—I am an orphan*—I have only a mother."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No! I wish I had, for perhaps they would love me, and not laugh at me," said Dominick with tears in his eyes; "but I have no brothers *but myself.*"

One day Mr. Owen ap Jones came into the school-room with an open letter in his hand, saying, "Here, you little Irish plockit, here's a letter from your mother."

The little Irish blockhead started from his form, and throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any boy in the school had ever been seen to leap before; then clapping his hands, he exclaimed—"A letter from my mother!—And *will* I hear the letter?—And *will* I see her once more?—And *will* I go home these holidays?—O, then I will be happy!"

"There is no danger of that," said Mr. Owen ap Jones, "for your mother, like a wise ooman, writes me here, that py the atvice of your cardian, so oom she is going to be married, she will not pring you home to Ireland till I send her word you are perfect in your English crammer at least."

"I have my lesson perfect, Sir," said Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor; "*will* I say it now?"

* Iliad, 6th book, l. 432, Andromache says to Hector, "You will make your son an orphan, and your wife a widow."

"No, you plockit, you *will* not; and I will write your mother word you have proke Priscian's head four times this tay since her letter came."

Little Dominick, for the first time, was seen to burst into tears—"*Will* I hear the letter?—*Will* I see my mother?—*Will* I go home?"

"You Irish plockit!" continued the relentless grammarian: "you Irish plockit, will you never learn the tifference between *shall* and *will?*"

The Welsh boys all grinned, except Edwards, who hummed loud enough to be heard,

"And *will* I see him once again?
"And *will* I hear him speak?"

Many of the boys were, unfortunately, too ignorant to feel the force of the quotation; but Mr. Owen ap Jones understood it, turned on his heel, and walked off.

Soon afterwards he summoned Dominick to his awful desk, and pointing with his ruler to the following page in Harris's Hermes, bade him "reat it, and unterstant it," if he could.

Little Dominick read, but could not understand.

"Then read it aloud, you plockit."

Dominick read aloud——

"There is *nothing appears so clearly* an object of the mind or intellect only as *the future* does, since we can find no place for its existence any where else; not but the same, if we consider, *is equally true* of the past——."

"Well, co on—what stops the plockit—can't you read Enclish now?"

"Yes, Sir, but I was trying to understand it; I was considering, that this is like what they would call an Irish bull, if I had said it."

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant, in English, that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* understand; and to punish him for his impertinence, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *shall* and *will*.—The reader, if he be desirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may consult Lowth's Grammar, p. 52, ed. 1799, and Harris's Hermes, p. 10, 11, and 12, fourth edition.

Undismayed at the length of his task, Little Dominick only said—"I hope, if I say it all without missing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar studies, Sir."

"Say it all, first, without missing a word, and then I shall see what I shall say," replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of this oracular answer excited the boy's fond hopes so keenly, that he lent his little soul to the task, learned it perfectly, said it at night, without missing one word, to his friend Edwards, and said it the next morning, without missing one word, to his master.

"And now, Sir," said the boy, looking up, "will you write to my mother? And shall I see my mother? And shall I go home?"

"Tell me, first, whether you understand all you have learnt so cliply?" said Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's countenance fell—and he acknowledged that he did not understand it perfectly.

"Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your grammar studies to your mother—my conscience coes against it!" said the conscientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No intreaties could move him. Dominick never saw the letter that was written to his mother—but he felt the consequence. She wrote word, this time, punctually *by return of the post*, that she was sorry she could not send for him home these holidays, as she had heard so bad an account from Mr. Owen ap Jones, &c. and as she thought it her duty not to interrupt the course of his education, especially his grammar studies.

Little Dominick heaved many a sigh when he saw the packing up of his schoolfellows; and dropped a few tears, as he looked out of the window, and saw them, one after another, get on their Welsh ponies and gallop off towards their homes.

"I have no home to go to!" said he.

"Yes, you have," cried Edwards, "and *our* horses are at the door to carry us there."

"To Ireland—me—the horses! said the poor boy, quite bewildered.

"No, the horses cannot carry you to Ireland," said Edwards, laughing goodnaturedly; "but you have a home now in England. I

asked my father to let me bring you home with me, and he says 'Yes,' like a dear good father, and has sent the horses—Come, let's away."

"But will Mr. Owen ap Jones let me go?"

"Yes—he dare not refuse, for my father has a living in his gift that Owen ap Jones wants, and which he will not have if he does not change his tune to you!"

Little Dominick could not speak one word, his heart was so full.

No boy could be happier than he was during these holidays—"the genial current of his soul," which had been frozen by unkindness, flowed with all its natural freedom and force.

Whatever his reasons might be, Mr. Owen ap Jones from this time forward was observed to change his manners towards his Irish pupil—he never more complained unjustly of his breaking Priscian's head, seldom called him Irish plockit, and once would have flogged a Welsh boy for taking up this cast expression of the master's, but that the Irish blockhead begged the culprit off.

Little Dominick sprang forward in his studies—he soon surpassed every boy in the school, his friend Edwards only excepted. In process of time, his guardian removed him to a higher seminary of education. Edwards had a tutor at home. The friends separated. Afterwards they followed different professions in distant parts of the world, and they never saw or heard more of each other for many years.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIR SYDNEY SMITH.

ON the anniversay of the Naval Asylum, celebrated at the London tavern some short time ago, Sir Sydney Smith recommending to the notice of the society the relatives of several of those brave men who had fallen during the late war, said he would tell the company where the dead body of Major Oldfield, of the Marines, was contended for, and they would judge where and how he died. "It was," said the gallant narrator, "in a sortie of the garrison of St. John d'Acre, when attacked by General Bonaparte, that Major Oldfield, who commanded the sortie, was missing.—On our troops advancing, his body was found at the mouth of one of the enemy's mines, at the foot of their works. Our brave men hooked him by the neckcloth, as he lay dead, to draw him off, the enemy at the same time pierced him in the side with a halbert, and each party struggled for the body: the neckcloth gave way—and the enemy succeeded in dragging to their works this brave man. And here we must do them that justice which such gallant enemies are fully entitled to:—they next day buried the remains of Major Oldfield with all the honors of war!"

MISS WILKES.

THE late Miss Wilkes made a very careful and benevolent will, in which all her relations are well remembered. She has besides left the produce of her father's library, when sold, to the two senior aldermen and the chamberlain of London, to be applied by them to the relief of the widows and children of freemen. Her manuscripts she left to the discretion and delicacy of Mr. Elmsley, who is now, alas! no more. The life of Mr. Wilkes (who at one period of time occasioned so much noise in the world), written by himself, is not to be found, the leaves having been completely cut out of the binding.

NAUTICAL DEFINITON.

IN the course of an examination a few evenings since, in Bow-street, a sailor declared that he came up from Plymouth in company with three *skylarks*; and on being interrogated as to the meaning of the expression, replied, "Why, please your worship, *skylarks* are people who sit on the *outside* of a stage coach, and *play* at *pushing each other off*."

LORD SANDWICH AND THE PUBLICANS.

ELECTIONEERING expenditures are now confined to *hard cash*; formerly they went principally in *hard drinking*.—At a contested election for Huntingdonshire, in order to avoid the trouble of checks on the public houses, the late Lord Sandwich's agents proposed that all their

beer-casks should be gauged, and that they should have cent. per cent. profit on the draught of their contents. This not being acceptable to the honest publicans, his lordship convened them together, and thus addressed and satisfied them:—"*Gentlemen of the tap!* as you have refused a cent. per cent. profit on the gauge of your casks, I have but one more proposal to make, and that is, to gauge your cellars, and to allow you the same per centage on all the fluid beer they can possibly contain; and the Devil must be in your consciences if this won't content you!"

ORIGIN OF HEALTH-DRINKING.

THE origin of health-drinking took its rise from the time of the Danes being in this island, when it was customary with them, whilst an Englishman was drinking, to take that opportunity of stabbing him. To guard against this Danish treachery, the English entered into a combination, to be mutual pledges of security to each other whilst drinking. When, therefore, an Englishman at that period, drank to his friend, his tacit language was—"Sir, I am afraid that some malicious Dane will stab me, or cut my throat, whilst I am drinking; I beg the favor of you to watch carefully, that I may drink in safety." To which his friend was supposed to answer—"Sir, I will pledge you, and be your surety." He then replied—"I am much obliged to you, Sir; *your health*, that you may live till I have done drinking, and save me from his wicked intentions."

The British Traveller.

NO. 2.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE PARISIANS.

IN our first number of the *new series*, p. 76, we gave a copperplate engraving of two fashionable Parisian characters, promising an account of the customs and manners of the French capital in the ensuing number. In pursuance of that notice, we lay before our readers a description of the manners of modern Paris, for which we are indebted to a recent publication entitled "A practical Guide during a Journey from London to Paris."

No one, from the general manners of the Parisian people, will suspect them of having committed, or even suffered the commission of those horrible enormites which have stained with so indelible a die the history of their revolution. Brutal battles, quarrels, and noisy drunken fellows, are disturbances seldom to be met with at Paris. The lower class of people behave to each other with a surprising degree of civility. The unhappy females who roam the streets at night are neither obtrusive, rude, nor riotous. At the theatres, the tranquillity of the audience is seldom interrupted: people go for the wise purpose of being pleased, and with the good humoured disposition to be satisfied. These places of amusement are doubtless much

indebted for their tranquillity to the national sobriety of the French.

Politeness and good manners may be traced, though in different proportions, through every rank. This, however, does not form a more remarkable and distinguishing feature in the French national character than the vivacity, impetuosity, and fickleness for which the ancient as well as the modern inhabitants of Paris have been noted.

But in spite of temporary confusion, the national characteristic of vivacity and ingenuity remain the same. Public amusements abound, particularly balls and masquerades. Dancing continues the rage; and, from its prevalence, private persons are met with in every society whose talents equal the professors of the art.—On the national festivals, the Champs Elysées and tea-gardens are filled with dancing groupes, some of which would not disgrace the Opera. Diversions and public relaxations are at present permitted in their full extent; and the Parisian, who for so many years past was deprived of a masquerade, enjoyed it during the last carnival with additional satisfaction. On the last Sunday of the carnival (a day which has always been a holiday with three fourths of the people) every carriage on the Boulevards was filled with Turks, Tartars, and Chinese, all superbly and characteristically dressed.

The theatres are a favorite amusement; no less than fifteen are open and filled every night. On Sundays, the *gens comme il faut* (fashionable people) vacate their seats, which are occupied

by holiday folks of every description. A Parisian never exhausts his stock of good spirits; a spectacle is meat and drink to him.

The French opera is worthy of being the pride of the nation. The splendid decorations, the dancing (which appears to exceed human powers), the spacious stage, the rapidity and exactitude of the scene shifting, are no where to be equalled. Picturesque in the highest degree are the attitudes of the actors and actresses, and they make their entrances with a certain hilarity in their looks, arising from the consciousness that they are before a good-humoured public.

In an extensive city like Paris, amusement is the chief aim. The successive governors of France have established national festivals, celebrating the triumph of one party over another, and always recalling to the vanquished some bitter remembrance. Bonaparte has wisely abolished them. The days of festivals are now limited to the two great epochs of the revolution—the taking of the Bastile on the 14th of July, and the foundation of the republic. The government has endeavored to render these festivals interesting, and to give them a splendor like that of those celebrated games from which the Grecian Republic dated their epochas. Some of these games are imitated in the Champ de Mars, such as the chariot-races; but it must be acknowledged that the exhibition furnishes an unsatisfactory and inadequate idea of the pomp of the Olympic games. To interest as a spectacle, a public fête must be in

direct harmony with the affections and habitudes of the spectators, and the Parisian is more familiarized with balloons, parachutes, fireworks, and balls, than with those ancient games. On the days of popular rejoicing the theatres are thrown open to the people; and it has been observed that the applauses of the Parisian *canaille* are bestowed not less judicious than by those who pretend to greater taste and refinement. On those days of festival, no one is privileged to choose a seat except the first consul, who, during the long representations, has found time to make his appearance at each of the principal theatres.

To a person who compares Paris as it now is, with what it was during the early period of the war, nothing can present a more abrupt contrast. There is a marked difference between the Parisian of 1793 and the inhabitant of the metropolis in 1802—in dress, in manners, and in opinion the transmutation seems to be complete. In the infancy of the republic the Parisian took all his models from Rome and Sparta; these are become antiquated, and what is left of them appears only in the stile of the furniture and in the dress of the female part of his family. The new-fangled republican modes and terms are fallen into disuse; the streets, which had undergone a kind of revolutionary baptism, are now known only by their former titles; the term *citoyen* is become a mere *mot de bureau* (word of office), and if addressed to any person in private society, would be almost an insult. Pomp and royal splendor is now the order of

the day. No one of the family of the consuls now appears in public without three footmen behind their carriage, who, with the coachmen and out-riders, are all habited in dark green liveries embroidered with gold. The Parisian stared, in the first instance, at this innovation on republic simplicity: but it is now seen without emotion, and even regarded as a matter *comme il faut*.

Among the changes of customs to be noticed at Paris is that of the hour of dinner, which ten years since was invariably three o'clock; it is now six, and in very fashionable houses seven before it is announced. The English mode of sitting after dinner, however, has not gained ground: the French *seance* is seldom more than two hours.

It has been said, but perhaps unjustly, that hospitality, formerly the natural virtue of Frenchmen, is no longer to be found in Paris. It may naturally be supposed that some who have been raised in the public scramble to a degree of consequence so far beyond their habits and education, may prefer the gratification of a vain and ridiculous ostentation to the real and rational pleasures of hospitality; however, with a few letters of recommendation, and when it is known that his visits are innocent, a foreigner will find the reserve abate, and the circle of his friends extend itself.

The heavy gilded pieces of furniture have almost disappeared from the houses of the Parisians. Nothing but sphinxes, caratydes, and tripods, met the eye in every direction. The

passion for Greek and Roman ornaments still prevail, but chastised and improved. Those ponderous dome bedsteads, which formed so many receptacles for filth and vermin, have been succeeded by others more cleanly and more compact. In general the eye misses that air of elegance and neatness which is in fact the exclusive boast of England.

In sketching the manners of Parisian society, we cannot omit that sex which enjoys the preponderating sway. It was the Parisian women who at the fatal epoch of the revolution, and in those days of horror, proved that sensibility has its heroism, and that the affections of the heart can brace the nerves with an energy that mocks the calculations of danger. The Parisian women penetrated into the depths of dungeons, flew to the abodes of despair, and were the ministering angels that whispered hope and comfort to the prisoner. They have shewn that they knew how to sympathise in the sorrow of others, and also how to suffer and die. The daughter or the wife, led in the bloom of beauty to the scaffold, with her parent or husband, seemed to forget that she had the sacrifice of her life to make, and was only occupied in sustaining his sinking spirit. It must be confessed that the Parisian women, in those calamitous times, proved themselves to be endowed with energetic and feeling souls. The characteristic feature of their beauty is expression. Besides the ease of her manners, a French woman has commonly a look of chearfulness and great vivacity: she appears willing to be

acquainted with you, and seems to expect that you should address her. Many believe that the manners of the Parisian women have become more licentious than before; and that as the revolution in its most violent paroxisms, slackened the bonds of matrimonial life, they verify the ungallant remark of an English satirist—that

"Every woman is at heart a rake!"

This is a calumny. The number of demireps is not greater in Paris than in London.—For gaiety, accomplishments, grace, and modesty, the Parisian fair are inferior to none. Their dress may by some, who have only the London newspapers, be considered as an exception to this remark; but it is not, as it is reported in those vehicles of truth and falsehood, in a state approaching to nudity. The origin of the present dress is Grecian; and it is impossible to conceive any thing better calculated to display what Sterne calls, "the first order of fine forms."

Amidst the struggle of the Parisians for their political existence, they have not neglected the fine arts—they have carefully formed vast repositories and monuments of the arts. Wherever their armies have been victorious, they have never waged war with science: their object has uniformly been, in the classic countries where their banners have been unfurled, to collect and to preserve the monuments of genius, and to transport them to their own country. The return of peace will give to this ingenious people

the opportunity of making Paris the emporium of all the arts useful and ornamental to man. It is, nevertheless, to be lamented, that in their ardor for the advancement of the arts, the Parisians should have neglected to purify their taste, by an importation of the Italian school of music. Nothing can be worse than the stile of singing which characterizes the French school. This cannot be said of their instrumental music, for in that branch of the art they are very far advanced.

Nothing can exceed the present *gout* of the Parisians for every thing that is in the style of our gardens. Besides Tivoli, the gardens of Frascati, or the Boulevards, are remarkable for their elegance and simplicity. On one side of the great walk are the busts of the French poets, on the other the busts of the English. A variety of small illumined temples are scattered about the gardens, and form their principal ornaments. In the rooms are all kinds of refreshments, and ices of most exquisite quality. No money is paid for admission, and the company who frequent Frascati are of the best class. No kind of immoralities are permitted, and those gardens are considered by the fashionables as their most agreeable resort. Frascati is notwithstanding not a quarter so large as our Vauxhall.

A Paris paper which came under our observation contains the following advertisement:— "A lady, under some pecuniary distress for the moment, proposes to hire out, for the fetes of Longchamp, an elegant laced veil. Secrecy

and moderate terms may be looked to, on her part; and she will expect, in return, good security for the return of this superb article. The owner can give satisfactory proof that she has come lawfully by it, that it has never appeared but at houses of the first fashion, and that it cannot bring the person hiring it into a disagreeable situation."

It is but just to say, that the present government is actively and usefully employed, in the improvement of the people. We shall only express our wish, that the great man who has done so much for France and mankind may moderate his ambition, and make the great and glorious Washington the model of his political life, bequeathing to France the same degree of civil liberty which that matchless character bestowed, under similar circumstances, upon America.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FIRST CONSUL.

His hair is of a dark brown colour, cut short, and without powder; forehead high and narrow; eye-brows thin, arched a little, and low; eyes large, of a dark grey colour, and well formed; his skin of a yellow hue; nose large, regular, and approaching to the Grecian; upper lip very short, turned up a little at its extremity; mouth large; lips thin and pallid; his stature does not exceed five feet six inches; thin, but muscular and well proportioned; his coutenance is rather expressive of melancholy and dejection, and is only animated by his dark piercing eye: it impresses one with the idea

that it has never known the sweet relaxation of a smile.

When Mr. Spencer Smith was introduced to the first consul, the latter asked him whether he was the brother of Sir Sidney Smith? And on his anwering in the affirmative, the consul observed, "He is a brave man and a good officer."

Bonaparte remains with his family at Malmaison—but his whole time, even there, is given up to public affairs.

The following particulars of the first consul's private life are considered as authentic:

Bonaparte's day is made up of 14 hours of almost uninterrupted labour. He gives very little time to sleep and recreation. His meals are abstemious, and quickly finished; but he drinks a great deal of strong coffee, especially during his nightly labours. "This mode of living," said his physician to him lately, "must ruin your health—you cannot long hold out under it." "How long do you think? said Bonaparte. "Perhaps three years or so."—"Well," replied the consul, "that is quite long enough for me."—A walk in the park, or half an hour at tennis, is his daily recreation. His natural bias leads him to avoid the crowd. His conversations, which do not turn on the great affairs of Europe and France, are extremely short. Of those trusted persons, known by the name of favorites, he has none. He never once allows the least appearance of influence to be exercised over him. In company he is silent and retired within himself. In the

private circle of his own family he is placid and agreeable, and never appears morose or insolent to his domestics. His behaviour to his wife is that of a citizen, and by no means of a Parisian. Many tradesmen in Paris call their wives *Madame* or *you*. Bonaparte *thou*'s his, and never calls her but by her christian name, *Josephine*. She calls him *general*, and usually *thou (tu)*. Speaking of him, she says, *my husband*, or *the general*, but rarely, *the consul*.

NEW DIVISION OF TIME.

The year is divided by the French into twelve equal parts and a fraction, and each part (considered as one month) consists of thirty days.

Each week or decade consists (as the word implies) of ten days, called as follows:*

Primidi, from the Latin, *primus*, first.
Duodi, from the Latin, *duo*, two, second.
Tridi, from the Latin, *tres*, three, third.
Quartidi, from the Latin, *quartus*, fourth.
Quintidi, from the Latin, *quintus*, fifth.
Sextidi, from the Latin, *sextus*, sixth.
Septidi, from the Latin, *septimus*, seventh.
Octodi, from the Latin, *octo*, eight, for eighth.
Nonodi, from the Latin, *nonus*, ninth.
Decadi, from the Latin, *decem*, ten, for tenth.

The year begins on the 1st of Vendemaire, which answers to the 23d of September of the christian æra.

The months have thirty days, and are named as follows:

* The final syllable *di* is a contraction of the Latin *dies* (day).

1. *Vendemaire* (vintage month) begins September 23d.

2. *Brumaire* (foggy month) begins October 23d.

3. *Frimaire* (sleety month) begins November 22d.

4. *Nivose* (snowy month) begins December 22d.

5. *Pluviose* (rainy month) begins January 21st.

6. *Ventose* (windy month) begins February 20th.

7. *Germinal* (budding month) begins March 22d.

8. *Floreal* (flowery month) begins April 21st.

9. *Prairial* (meadow month) begins May 21st.

10. *Messidor* (harvest month) begins June 20th.

11. *Thermidor* (hot month) begins July 20th.

12. *Fructidor* (fruit month) begins August 19th.

They make in all 360 days. The remaining five are called *complementary days.*

The first complementary day is the 18th of September—the second is on the 19th—the third is on the 20th—the fourth on the 21st—and the fifth (or last day of the French year) answers to the 22nd of September: thus making 365 days.

The present year 1802 of the christian æra is the 10th of the French republic.

THE TURKISH MALE AND FEMALE.

THE engraving annexed represents two Turkish figures in the habits of their country—The male appears in a pelise, a sort of robe which is very generally worn in the present day by the people of Constantinople. The pelices worn in winter generally by the common artificers, soldiers, and countrymen, are made of lamb or sheep skins, of the fur of cats, squirrels, &c. Common citizens usually have their pelises made of the skins of wild foxes and hares: the price of these varies according to the colour, quality, and length of hair. The ermine, the common marten, the white fox, but particularly the sable, are found in the wardrobes of rich and distinguished people.

The Turks very often change their outside habits at different seasons of the year; and it is never the business of fashion, but etiquette, to assume or leave off the various robes. The days are fixed every year by the sultan. The day he changes his sort of fur (which is generally on a Friday, when he goes to the mosque), an officer of the seraglio goes in form to the grand vizier's, and acquaints him of it, when the whole court immediately do the same.

The female, a woman living at Pera, as she appears in the interior, or harèm. Her beauty, according to European ideas, would consist chiefly in her face; as the immoderate use of

the warm bath, together with their mode of life, and manner of sitting, completely destroys all elegance of form, while the situation of the girdle, unlike the Grecian stile, increases this appearance even to a disgusting excess. If it were not for this circumstance, the manner of dress would by no means be so unbecoming or inelegant.

For a further account of the manners of these people, we refer our readers to a former part of the Monthly Visitor, vol. xiii. p. 147, 148, vol. xiv. p. 59; notwithstanding, it will be our particular province, in the future progress of our labours, to notice this country, which has become more interesting than formerly, in consequence of the late war.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTIONS TO OUR LAST NUMBER.

THE STUDENT.

Answered by a Correspondent.

YE studious halls, ye seats of learning, *hail!*
Late let me quit your mind-inspiring *bail;* *
By nightly lamp your ample volumes *thumb,*
With soul absorb'd, and close attention *dumb;*

* An obsolete term for limit or boundary.

Or o'er the fire some fav'rite author *hug*,
Or smoke a pipe, or drain a frugal *mug*;
Or wield, for exercise, the hoe or *spade*,
When themes abstruse the wearied spirits *jade*.
Sometimes at night regale with eggs and *salt*,
And thirst assuage with draughts of home-brew'd *malt*—
When all the day we light up learning's f*lame*,
An evening's mirth what rigid heart can *blame*?

Let crouds, misjudging, call us dull and *fusty*,
Our studies dry, or thumping folios *musty*:
As well as them we relish trout or *bream*,
Our wordy combats mark us with no *seam*.
Charm'd we behold th' electric lightning g*lance*,
And 'tween the brazen orbs its figures *dance*.
No fear-form'd shapes our peaceful slumbers *haunt*,
Minds better taught no fancied spectres *daunt*;
When thro' the labours of the day we've *sped*,
Well tir'd at night, we seek the welcome *bed*,
In dreams, perhaps, to eat a roasted *duck*,
Or from some wall a glowing nectrine p*luck*.

CHARADES.

1. Band-age.
2. Cord-age.
3. Mile-stone.
4. Meg-rim.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

Sir,

A CONSTANT reader having observed the following question in a number of your valuable work, has attempted to answer it.

QUESTION.

Which would be the greatest loss to society—the able statesman, or the promoter of every useful art or science?

This subject would afford ample matter for a volume of no small size, but I shall content myself with briefly enumerating a few of the beneficient services each, as an individual, renders the community; and having appreciated these, will endeavor to draw a conclusion.

It is the statesman's province to regulate the affairs of the nation under all circumstances, to concert measures for its safety and tranquillity, to maintain its rights against the invasion of enemies, and when engaged in controversies with other powers, should endeavor to bring matters to an advantageous issue. It would be an endless task to enumerate all we owe a benevolent and judicious minister, whose constant care and highest aim is our happiness, and, like a tender father, is always willing to redress our grievances, maintain our rights, defend our privileges, and curb our conduct when acting

contrary to the dictates of religion, honor, or civil laws. A good statesman is like a vast treasure whose immense value cannot be calculated. Nations whose charge is confided to the care of a judicious politician, enjoy all the pleasure that can contribute to make human life happy.

Under those benign circumstances full scope is given to the ingenuity of the artist, the sciences luxuriantly spread their branches far and wide, new acquisitions are obtained in the numerous and different branches of literature, and useful knowledge, with all its concomitant blessings, are propagated. All share in the common prosperity; from the monarch to the humble peasant, behold a state protected by an able minister: it is a delightful scene—we live in prosperity and happiness, enjoy our property, see our finances daily increase, and all our affairs run smoothly in their respective channels. But suppose a nation led by a weak minister, who neither defends her freedom, laws, or religion, nor repels her enemies, the consequences are intestine broils, seditious tumults, riots, and massacres: the calamity becomes universal—stern tyranny unsheaths the sword of rebellion, and stains it with the blood of thousands, among whom the ingenious artist and speculating philosopher meet their untimely doom; trade and commerce, if not totally stagnated, are brought to a low ebb, and the sciences are unavoidably neglected.

By what has been laid down above, it appears that we derive many invaluable benefit-

from the good statesman and cultivator of the arts and sciences. But should the former fail in the execution of his trust, the latter no longer can exercise his useful talents—and I think we may without hesitation turn the balance on the side of the Statesman.

AN ENIGMATICAL LIST OF BAPTIST MINISTERS IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

(To be answered in our next.)

1. A VERY beautiful colour.
2. What was given unto Moses upon Mount Sinai.
3. The place where prisoners are tried, and half of what is found within side a nut.
4. Five-eighths of to increase, and twenty hundred weight.
5. What keeps the miser's pelf secure, and half a town in Yorkshire.
6. What is very unpleasant to bear.
7. A very filthy but useful animal.
8. A person that whitens or cleans cloth.
9. A man's christian name, changing the fourth letter, and one third of what cast our first parents out of Paradise.
10. Half of a cement used in building, and three-tenths of laughter.

QUESTION.

Is Bonaparte more eminently conspicuous as a soldier in the field, or as the ruler of a great nation ?

WHIMSICAL SKETCH OF MODERN MANNERS AMONG THE *CITIZENS OF LONDON.*

BY JOHN CORRY.

WHILE the citizen (says this satirist) beholds men of various nations throng to London, his estimation of himself, and his contempt of the adventurers who come to partake of his bounty, are both raised to the highest pitch. On the other hand, the ingenious and the knavish who assemble here, are attracted by the fame of the metropolis, and consider the natives as a dull, plodding, mercantile race, who are incapable of generous sentiments, and must be duped by a variety of artifices.

Their wives and daughters often visit the theatres, where they make a rapid progress in *refinement.* Wonderful, indeed, must be the improvement of our youthful females who frequent those elegant temples of the Graces, where nonsense is too often substituted for wit, and pantomime for tragedy. Yet these are

the places where our gay young women obtain refined sentiments, still further cherished by the frippery of novels and romances, the perusal of which confines the mind to girlish attainments, ferments impure desires, and inflates female pride.

One characteristic of the wives and daughters of the citizens is, the freedom with which they analyse the actions of their neighbours. They liberally censure each other, not from any gratification which they receive from satire, but purely for mutual edification. This love of scandal, which so generally prevails among the natives of London, is cherished by their circumscribed situation: great minds like theirs, unwilling to remain inactive, must have some interesting object to contemplate and expatiate upon.

In this point of view, every tea-table conversation may be considered as a lecture of moral philosophy, where the auditors are instructed in the best mode of tracing the defects of others.

With respect to the modish part of the pedestrians of both sexes, they appear as much under the influence of frivolity as ever. Their ablutions at Brighton and Margate during the summer, has prepared them for the resumption of their hyemal pursuits, such as theatricals, masquerades, gaming, and intrigue.

The beaux, indeed, are not altogether so effeminate as they appeared last winter. The trowsers are not so complete an imitation of the loose drapery of the petticoat as formerly; nor

are their collars stuffed so full as to give the appearance of a crick. They have not, however, divested themselves of that ridiculous severity of look which they assume in order to appear men of spirit and consequence; or that conceited air, which seems to say, 'I'm a very elegant young fellow, an't I?'

But the ladies, notwithstanding the return of peace, seem determined to continue hostilities against the other sex, and have actually opened the campaign in a manner which does honor to their spirit, though it leads us to question their prudence. For instance, they wage war like the ancient Gauls, exposing themselves almost naked to the rigor of a wintry atmosphere.—They also paint, probably in imitation of the savage nations, who stain their bodies with different colours, in order to terrify the enemy.—This mode of defence has a very different effect among us; for it is observable, that the heroines thus equipped, in consequence of wearing their thin *coat of mail*, or rather *coat of paint*, are assailed with greater ardor by their opponents.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THE MISER.

The wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the miser wakes,
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks;
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard—
But now with sudden qualms possesst,
He wrings his hand, he beats his breast.

GAY.

A MISER is of all beings the most useless and miserable. His breast is steeled to the feelings of humanity, callous to the tears of the widow and the cries of the orphan; the most complicated scenes of misery and affliction that the liveliest imagination can portray have no power to soften his obdurate heart, or draw from his parched eyes the tear of sensibility. The delights of friendship, and the pleasures of unbounded confidence, afford no satisfaction to his poisoned mind—he views all mankind with a countenance clouded with suspicion, and the appearance of a human being fills him with more terror than the intrusion of a midnight spectre. Extortion, fraud, and oppression aid to glut his insatiable appetite, which

but increases with his food, and makes him more wretched—for in proportion as his bags swell, those daring fiends, penury, want, and poverty, stare him in the face, and lengthen his meagre jaws. He drags through existence, a pest to society, and a burthen to himself—till, after the repeated invitations of painful anxiety and dreadful apprehension, pale disease attacks his shivering frame, and grim death seizes him with iron grasp. Finding the inexorable monster alike unmoved by proffers or intreaties, he makes one strong effort to embrace the objects of his sordid soul, and with frantic rage in turn hugs his bags of ill-gotten wealth. "Ah!" cries he in agony, "must I leave you so soon! Have I laboured to fill these coffers only for my heirs to revel in riot and luxury!——" He would have proceeded, but the viscous phlegm rattled in his throat, and parting life quivered on his livid lips. His aspect, however, spoke rage and disappointment; his eyes rolled with inexpressible anguish: he stretched himself on his couch, and with a horrid groan—expired!

Gravesend,
June 8, 1802. I. B.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS theatre closed for the present season the 24th instant; and yet a musical piece has been ever since advertised *in preparation*, but it must be for *next* season, when, we trust, the business of the theatre will be better conducted.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A NEW comedy, called *The Word of Honor*, was introduced to the public by Mrs. Mattocks, for her benefit, and has been since repeated for two other benefits, but not for the house.—As it contained nothing to offend, though very little to commend, it was patiently endured on the above occasion. This theatre closed the 25th instant.

HAY-MARKET.

COLMAN's theatre opened the 25th inst. with the *Heir at Law*, and *The Review*. This theatre, which is under the restriction of closing Sept. 15, but at liberty to open May 15, has been deprived of almost half its season, by the winter monopolists.

OPERA HOUSE.

EARLY this month was produced a grand serious opera, interspersed with chorusses and dances, called *Armida*, which was received with unusual approbation; the music does infinite credit to Bianchi, whose reputation it would alone be sufficient to establish. Da Ponte, the author of the opera, has proved himself, by this production, a man of much genius, and has followed the divine poem of *Tasso* with great truth and theatrical effect. Madame Banti sung divinely, and her portrait of the enamoured magician was depicted with much ability.

KING'S THEATRE.

JUNE 3, Madame Mara gave her farewell concert, which, much to the honor and taste of the musical world, was attended by one of the most numerous and brilliant assemblages of fashion that ever graced a theatre. The favorite airs of the evening were, her "*Pious Orgies!*—"*Farewell, ye limpid Streams!*" Mrs. Billington's "*Ah me tremar!*"—the five-part

glee of "*Oh, Nancy!*"—and a new Italian duet, composed by Florio, and sung by Mad. Mara and Mrs. Billington:—the upper part of this piece was given to the latter, but the divisions in each were equally rapid and difficult, and were executed by both with astonishing effect. At the end of the duet Madame Mara took her leave, amidst the grateful plaudits of an elegant British audience, whom she has so many years delighted by the superiority of her vocal powers.

RANELAGH FETE.

THE Dress Ball given by the Members of Boodle's Club, at *Ranelagh*, on Wednesday evening, June 2, was on the plan of the *Ridottos*, which formed the most splendid entertainments of the last reign. A part of the gardens adjoining the Rotunda had been covered in, a temporary saloon erected in them, of such large dimensions as to accommodate all the company with great convenience. The trees afforded great scope for the fancy and ingenuity of the person who had the conduct of illuminating the room, which was by clusters of lamps, with single lamps interspersed through the foliage of the trees. At the lower end of the saloon was a very beautiful transparency, representing *Commerce*, and a conflagration of the Trophies of War, on the conclusion of Peace. Below it was a booth, erected for the drawing

of a lottery; which had this advantage—that the Ladies were almost certain of obtaining a prize. Each Lady had a number presented to her on her entrance, and the lottery wheel went round very merrily. The prizes were to the amount of 300l. and consisted of parasols, work-baskets, pocket-books, and trinkets of various kinds. The drawing-room afforded much mirth. The drawing of the lottery was relieved by a group of young dancers, for whom a small stage, after the *Fantoccini* manner, had been erected in another part of the saloon. Two pretty ballets were prepared for this occasion; the first was a country dance, composed by Mr. D'Egville, and performed by Miss Cranfield, Miss Packwood, and Mr. Jubert, who were stiled *children* in the diurnal papers. The second was Britannia and the Four Nations:—Britannia by Miss Packwood, and Genius of France by Miss Cranfield: this was in compliment to the peace. There were other dances by the above ladies; and the entertainment concluded with *God save the King*. The dancing then commenced, and continued till one o'clock, when the doors of the Rotunda were thrown open. In the orchestra of the Rotunda were hung four very large flags, which Lord St. Vincent had very obligingly permitted to be lent to the Directors of the *Fete*, to enhance the grandeur of the scene. They were the colours of the different nations with whom we were lately engaged in war. They had a very grand effect, and the Band of the Guards was placed in the orchestra, to play the most favo-

rite airs during the time of supper. The tables were laid for the accommodation of 1500 persons. The supper consisted of every delicacy, warm soups, green peas, cold lamb, poultry of various kinds, jellies, blanchmanges, craw-fish, fruits, the rarest and the very choicest wines. The tables were laid with the most beautiful linen, china, silver plate, and ornamented with pots of flowers. The ladies wore white and silver, ornamented with laurel; also a profusion of diamonds in aigrettes, crescents, bandeaus, and stars. Such a croud of beautiful women never was seen before. The uniform of the gentlemen was a green frock, with black collar, and gold basket buttons. Such, however, as went in full dress, or in regimentals, or in the Windsor uniform, were admitted. The ball began at half past eleven, and about thirty couple danced.—The Prince entered alone at half past eleven, dressed in the uniform of a field marshal; and Sir Willoughby Aston attended his highness round the room. No masks were admitted. On the whole, it was a *Fete* of the most elegant description, creditable alike to the taste and liberality of the Club by which it was given.

Among the ladies present were, the Countess of Shaftsbury, the Countess of Westmorland, the Marchioness of Hertford, the Duchess of Leeds, and the Miss Anguishes, Marchioness of Salisbury, Countesses of Mansfield and Camden, Lady Tankerville, Lady A. M. Stanhope, Lady Throgmorton (who displayed her beautiful figure in a most elegant dress), and Ma-

dame Recamier. The latter lady was superbly dressed in white and silver, her tresses confined by four diamond daggers, a diamond bandeau, and in front a brilliant star of great splendor. The Duke of Cumberland and Sir Sidney Smith were together during the whole of the entertainment.

On June the 4th a Masquerade was given here, which was well attended. Several characters appeared on the occasion, and the decorations of the place were the same as on the night of the gala.

FROGMORE FETE.

JUNE 14.—The Queen gave her annual Rural Fete at her delightful villa of Frogmore. The day proving remarkably fine, the visitants were numerous, and principally of distinction. The entertainment was under the tasteful direction of the Princess Elizabeth, who arrived about noon to make the necessary preparations. The marque in the centre, where their Majesties dined, was fitted up in the *Asiatic* style, with four beautiful lanthorns suspended from the top, and decorated with chintz furniture, brought from the Palace of the late Tippoo Sultan; on the top of their building was displayed a flag, with the words, "*May the King live for ever!*" Each corner (it being of an octagon form, was ornamented with a large silver *crescent*; the other tents were in a direct line, so that their Majesties had a distinct view of the

company. The ground work of the table frames consisted of trophies, rural views, emblems of husbandry and agriculture, such as sheep feeding in green pastures, shepherds playing on their *oaten reeds*, all emblematic of the return of *Peace*. The Royal Family and nobility were seated under a *corridor* of artificial flowers, drawn up in festoons of white and silver gauze, the pillars of the Corinthian order, being entwined with wreaths of laurel, and on their summits bouquets of roses and every kind of flowers. The dinner was served up in the first style; the confectionary and fruit were under the direction of Mr. Barker; the desert, which consisted of pines, melons, grapes, cherries, &c. was furnished from the royal gardens. The Royal Family dined off a service of gold plate, and the wine was drank out of gold cups, poured from large silver gilt flaggons; the company at the other table were regaled from off a service of silver. In the passages leading to the rooms were moonlight transparencies, painted by the Princess Elizabeth. The Prince's band, and the Duke of York's, and the Duke of Gloucester's, playing during the dinner. "*God save the King*" was sung, "*Rule Britannia*," and the favorite glee of "*All the brave Birds that ever I see*," by Corporal Crofton, Mr. Patterson, and another private of the guards, in a very good style. The soldiers on duty, in honor of the day, and, to commemorate the *Peace*, wore boughs of laurel in their caps.

About 1500 persons partook of this royal entertainment, among whom were—the Dukes of

York, Clarence, and Cumberland; the Princess of Wales; the Princesses Augusta, Elizabeth, Mary, Sophia, and Amelia; Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Sophia; Princess Charlotte of Wales; Duke of Portland, Duchess of Buccleugh, Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury. Earls, Chatham, Radnor, Uxbridge, Harcourt, Morton, and Harrington.—Countesses Radnor, Harcourt, Mansfield, Cardigan, and Harrington. Lords, Malmesbury, W. Bentinck, Torrington, and Sudley.—Ladies, Malmesbury, Radstock, C. Damer, C. Finch, and Hawkesbury.—Generals, Manners, Garth, and Harcourt.—Colonels, Greville and Farmer.—Majors, Price and Desborough.—Mistress Fielding.—Misses Dashwood, Fielding, A. Fielding, Milnes, &c.

The Duchess of York was prevented from attending on account of her indisposition.

The dresses of the ladies were chiefly white, with fancy hats decorated with panaches of feathers and flowers: many of the gentlemen appeared in the *Windsor, Prince's,* and other uniforms, but the great number were in plain frocks and cocked hats.

Mrs. Mattocks's song, at the gipsey tent, in praise of the King, and the dialogue between her and Hodge, with her humorous description of the losses and disasters she met with on the illumination night, and different places she went to see, caused a general burst of applause. His Majesty laughed heartily.

It would be a difficult task to do justice to the exquisite taste in which the whole of the gardens were laid out—shady retreats, grottos,

bowers, and a hermitage: on the table of which was a *pertrified human skull*, spar ornaments, and a beautiful painting of an hermit in one corner; the seats on the entrance were of moss. Near to this retreat was a *dove house*, the netting of which, enclosing two beautiful turtle doves, was the work of the Princesses; farther on a little cottage was exhibited, with a set of Queen's ware for abreakfast service, a milking churn, and every requisite for a *rustic village maid*, who knows not the *cares* of the world by having possession of virtue. Here often do the daughters of the *Sovereign* amuse themselves either with reading, or in works of *taste* and *art*. The trees are stocked with nightingales, blackbirds, larks, and redbreasts. These are the amusements of the Princesses, whilst the King takes his favorite pleasure of farming. Those who had not tickets of admission had an opportunity of seeing the family through the lattice work which enclosed this pavilion. The company were seated on cottage chairs. The entrance was an awning with variegated lamps, similar to Vauxhall. The gardens were illuminated from the trees by paper lanthorns of different colours, suspended by ropes. The dances continued till past eleven; and their Majesties having taken some refreshment, returned to the castle.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND.

FOR JUNE, 1802.

WE are happy in being able to give our readers the following compliment to the celebrated author of *Vaccine Inoculation*, whose memoirs appear in this number of our work. These verses were addressed to the Medical and Physical Societies of London,

BY MR. PARKINSON.

THE ORIGIN OF VACCINA.

1.

DAME JUNO once enrag'd with Jove,
Thus whisper'd loudly in his ear:
"When will you cease from home to rove,
And seek for wenches far and near;
Like other false ones, yo're not nice,
So you but get away from home—
Celestial love will not suffice,
But you on filthy earth must roam.
I know you women do prefer,
But, sure as I live, I'll match you, Sir:
These earth-born beauties' tricks I'll foil,
Their pretty faces I'll despoil."

2.

Variola on earth she sent,
With mis'ry this poor globe to fill:
Beauty she spoil'd where'er she went,
And mangled where she could not kill.
'Mongst those who did escape its rage,
Was Io, lovely charming fair;
She Jove's affections did engage—
T' enjoy the nymph the god did swear.
Then the lovely fair Io
He soon did make this truth to know—
That when great folks will have their way,
The lesser must of course obey.

3.

Soon as the crime the goddess knew,
She thus to Jove enrag'd did say:
"On earth the husbands, it is true,
Wear horns if wives do go astray;
But I, more just, will give the horns
To your base trull, and teach her how
The wife can act whose rights she scorns"——
Then chang'd poor Io to a cow!
Poor Io, poor Io,
When she found her horns to grow,
She low'd and cried o'er all the plains,
And begg'd of Jove to ease her pains.

4.

Jove found he'd got into a scrape,
And could not counteract the spell,
Nor make Io resume her shape,
So what to do he scarce could tell.
At length he did resolve to try
If aught he could with coaxing do.
To Juno he says—"My sweet Pige'neye,
'Tis you I love—'tis only you;

My sweet Juno, my dear Juno,
A roving more I ne'er will go—
'Tis true, a rake I've always been,
But now my only love's my queen!

5.

Now Juno greedy took the bait—
Says she, "You rogue, if you say true,
Poor Io I no more will hate,
And will forgiveness yield to you;
No more will I sweet woman's face
To foul *Variola* devote,
For Io's sake the *Vaccine* race
Shall bear the blessed antidote!"
Then fair Io, then fair Io,
Resum'd her form, and ceas'd to low,
And mortals soon with pleasure found
Vaccina shed her influence round!

6.

But fabled verse will not suffice,
Our grateful feelings to display
For blessings of so high a price,
A purer tribute we should pay;
To JENNER under Heav'n's due
Our earnest thanks, our warmest praise—
May due rewards to him accrue,
And happiness bless all his days!
So fill your glasses—hear the toast,
'Tis human nature's cheering boast—
'Tis JENNER! and may Heaven bless
His days with constant happiness!

A MONODY

ON THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

HENCE, ye inconstant and ye vain,
To folly's pitiless delusive train,
If aught of joy can be!
Lo! fallen greatness moulders on the bier,
And claims the tributary tear
From virtue and from me!

Call'd, in the bright meridian of his days,
From honor's luminous unspotted heights,
Diffusing ardor, radiance, and delights—
He perish'd circumvolv'd with glory's rays.

Decline of function is a common ill:
The victor sickens when the wreath is won.
Our fate is irresponsive to the will;
We breathe to hope, but feel to be undone!

Hallow'd by truth, and fervent in her cause,
Her genuine dogmas he pursued:
Repell'd th' invasion of his country's laws,
And reason sheath'd his energy with good.
Illustrious in act, he seem'd refin'd
By the soft graces of his mother's mind;
And shone to lead, excite, appal, and please,
With Cato's impulse, and with Tully's ease.
No base emotions in his bosom wrought,
Or chill'd the current of his moral thought;
With placid mien he sooth'd the aims of strife,
And met with dignity the woes of life;
His circling judgment took its high controul,
And chain'd the meaner passions of the soul.

Firm in his principle, erect he trod,
An honest man is only—*less than God!*
When Heav'n assumes such spirits as its own,
The sighs of nations reach the eternal throne;
The shudd'ring Muses, tuneless, seek their bow'rs,
And Mirth withdraws her magic from the Hours:
Philosophy bedews his page with tears—
The *many* shrink, contracted in their fears!

Thus, while the regal oak, in sylvan grace,
Extends its sheltering branches o'er the vale,
The bolt of ruin cleaves its massy trunk;
Then, as it lies, of all its beauties shorn,
In pond'rous majesty, suppress'd and sunk,
The lesser race of vegetation mourn,
Lest other storms should desolate their race,
And tear their fibres from the natal bed;
Where kindred stems have been uprais'd and fed,
And waft their tender fragments 'fore the ruthless gale.

His vig'rous sentiment, his manly mind,
Benign, yet noble—meek, yet unconfin'd,
Were consecrated to the general weal:
Equal to serve, or to sustain command,
To win an empire, or to save a land;
KNOWING HIMSELF, *he knew the bliss to feel!*
That mortal falls deplor'd, whose chasten'd will
Immingled virtue with his temp'ral pow'r:
But he, whose being adds a nerve to ill,
Has liv'd too long, in living but an hour.

Sweet liberty looks pallid from the skies,
When Britons sadden, and a RUSSELL dies!
Imperial liberty! on mountains bred,
By gods deputed, and by sages fed,
Oft has he woo'd thee, buxom and sublime,
Bathing thy sandals in Aurora's dew;
Or scudding vigilant, with palsied time,
To gather all he knew.

Till shrieking myriads touch'd thy vivid sense,
  Then hast thou hurried o'er the storming deep,
To extirpate the minions of offence,
  And bid the sorrows of a region sleep.

Above superb illusion's vile controul;
For Ceres and her vast dominion born,
He pour'd the golden grain in plenty's horn:
He amplified the fleece for labour's fecund loom,
Allur'd dull Sloth from mis'ry's thick'ning gloom.
  And bursts the fetters of his torpid soul;
Bade joy's effulgence o'er his fancy fly,
Like sun beams dazzling in a summer's sky.

Go, sainted shade! superior and divine,
Thou shalt not be dishonor'd, when I bring
The purest issue of the jocund spring,
To decorate thy urn; or there rehearse
Discordant images in lyric verse;
  The praise of gorgeous folly is not mine.

Ah me! 'mid triumphs, with the wise and just,
Rapt in the melody of Orphean measure;
Dissolving in the rosy lap of pleasure,
  The sister fates propel us into dust!
While eye-full, ceaseless treach'ry prepares,
Beneath the perfum'd herb, her reptiles and her snares.

Blythe Hope enslaves us by those means we sought,
  In deathful sport her amulet's display'd;
The flatt'ring sorc'ress revels in our thought,
  Like the gay vision of a love-sick maid;
Till all our splendid attributes decay,
And sink in night's cold mantle, as the fading day!

REFLECTIONS OF A TRAVELLER,

(WRITTEN AT AN INN)

*On passing through Chelmsford, and unexpectedly beholding the Prison, before which stood three unhappy Men for immediate Execution.**

THE gaol arrests the traveller's sight,
As he the town pass'd through—
A dreadful scaffold hung in black,
The prisoners all in view!

Horror sat on each dismal face
With a dejected air;
A pious priest devoutly stood
T' assist in holy pray'r.

Tears started from the traveller's eyes,
The shocking sight to see—
The traveller's mind, O God, was bless'd
With sweet humanity!

Not so the giddy thoughtless crowd,
With *them* no tears were found,
But wanton oaths and vulgar jokes
Pass'd frequently around.

Sharp sorrow seiz'd the traveller's breast,
No longer could he stay,
He onward urg'd his nimble steed,
And pensive went his way!

Ye rulers, that stern justice prize,
Laws rigid and severe,
Pity the traveller's tender heart,
Forgive the falling tear!

Rotherhithe, May 16, 1802. B.

* Two soldiers for highway robbery, and a labourer for theft.

ADDRESS

TO THE SOCIETY FOR ESTABLISHING A LITERARY FUND,

April 1, 1802.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

THE muse—(let candor smile upon the lay)—
Hails with exulting voice this welcome day:
This day, with man's sublimest pleasure grac'd,
Sanction'd by genius, science, wit, and taste.
Yet not from these alone its festal hour,
Thus honor'd, proudly claims attractive pow'r;
Much to their charm it owes, but most to thee,
Heav'ns fav'rite virtue, godlike Charity!

Hail, holy Charity! hail, seraph maid,
In robes of amaranthine light array'd!
I will not woo thee from the realms above,
For here thou art, to grace the Feast of Love—
Here sparkles in each eye thy beam benign—
Here in each bosom glows thy hallow'd shrine—
Here sound thy triumphs—here thine altars rise—
And here each hand performs thy willing sacrifice!

Oh! tis not all the swelling lust of pride,
Wealth's dazzling glare, ambition's giant stride,
"The boast of heraldry," the pomp of war,
The monarch's sceptre or the conqueror's car,
Like Charity's soft influence, can impart
The joy that vibrates in the conscious heart!

Behold, where, shrinking from the gazer's eye,
The man of misery retires to die!
Entomb'd, perhaps, in yon dark prison walls,
The sport of vulgar insolence he falls—

Quench'd in a loathsome cell, expires the ray
That pour'd on man the intellectual day.

Oh, sad pre-eminence of letter'd woe!
What bitter tears from mourning science flow!
More keenly, as more sensitive his heart,
The child of genius feels the woe-shot dart.
How must his sacred sorrows be proclaim'd,
How eas'd? To dig, too weak—to beg, asham'd!
Say, at some public corner shall he stand,
Court general pity with an outstretch'd hand?
Ah, no! not his the voice of vulgar woe—
From him no tears to move and sue can flow,
From him no sighs of tutor'd anguish break—
His witness trembles on his faded cheek.

Ye honor'd band, ye delegates of Heaven,
To whom at once the will and power are given,
Who seek the virtuous deed, but shun its fame,
Who drooping genius raise, but spare his shame,
Whose handmaid pious charity appears,
And dips her plume divine in human tears—
You build no palaces of vain parade,
The founder's boast, but not the wretch's aid:
Not your's the pride, proud of itself alone,
That characters in gold the Parian stone;
You sound no trumpet to proclaim aloud
"This day we give!" and catch the gazing crowd;
But yours the taste to save the living bard,
Not deck his tomb with posthumous reward:
Still be it yours, still may your bosoms glow
With those pure joys the good alone can know;
Through many a year may this returning day
Shine on your meeting with its brightest ray,
Still be your bounty blest, your labours lov'd,
To man propitious, and by Heaven approv'd!

Literary Review.

The Journal of Frederic Horneman's Travels from Cairo to Mourzouk, the Capital of the Kingdom of Fezzan, in Africa, in the years 1797 *and* 98.

SO little is known of this barbarous part of the world, that every communication is acceptable; and we are the more indebted to travellers through any part of Africa, because the visiting of this portion of the globe is attended with no small danger and difficulty.

F Horneman's Travels are sanctioned by the society instituted to explore the interior of Africa: a most laudable curiosity—for Europe might derive immense advantage from this continent, which has always been distinguished for its fertility. In ancient times Africa contained Carthage, a place of great commerce; and other Carthages might arise in modern times to rival that of antiquity. These travels are curious, and replete with information. The appendix consists of various papers well adapted from their nature to the illustration of a subject with which we are so little acquainted.

A Sermon delivered at Worship-street, on Tuesday the 1st of June, 1802, being the Day appointed for Thanksgiving on Account of the Restoration of Peace. To which is subjoined, the congratulatory Address of the Protestant Dissenters on the Return of Peace, presented to the King on Thursday, May 27; together with his Majesty's Answer. By John Evans, A. M.

THAT many of the sermons preached on the late thanksgiving day would be published, was to be expected. Of the nature of the present sermon, the reader may judge from the text and its introductory paragraph—Mr. E. thus expresses himself:—

"Psalm 120. 7. *I am for Peace.*

"And who *can* be for WAR? Is it possible that MAN, laying aside the social passions of his nature, can be bent on disorder and confusion? By what arts is the human mind reconciled to the shedding of blood? How can we account for that violation of the peace by which the page of history is awfully characterised? While every power within us declares against hostility—while every feeling within us revolts against the diminution of human happiness—by what means has war been made to interrupt the tranquillity and deface the fairest portion of the world? These are questions of moment—these are enquiries deserving of serious attention. On a day expressly devoted to our *thanksgiving for peace*, thoughts like these will

naturally occur, nor ought they to be suppressed. The declaration, *I am for peace*, implies that others of the human race are for war! Be it therefore our present employ to ascertain the several respects in which a *good man* will exclaim, *I am for peace!*"

Mr. E. then proceeds at some length to shew that the good man will be for *peace*, in his *private, social, religious*, and *public* capacity. In the conclusion it is remarked—"The inhabitants of BRITAIN are under a more than ordinary obligation to cherish that *righteousness which exalteth a nation*. The interpositions of Providence on our behalf have not ceased. At this period our minds ought to be peculiarly impressed. War and famine, the two awful instruments by which a guilty world is chastised, were employed for our humiliation. *But he hath given peace in our borders, and the finest wheat*. As to WAR, it has been brought to a termination. Without enquiring into its causes, or tracing its disastrous progress, let us be thankful that it is *no more*. During its continuance, nothing appeared to the visible eye but monarchs reigning, senators sitting in council, armies meeting on the ensanguined field of battle, and parties reproaching each other with the bitterest asperity. But the eye of faith penetrates still farther—it lifts up the veil, and shews us our *Heavenly Father* riding in the whirlwind, and directing the storm!"

To the sermon is added a very appropriate hymn, made by a lay-gentleman on the occasion, and sung at the close of the service. The

following lines, alluding to the prophecy in Isaiah, are truly poetical—and indeed all the stanzas are marked by great ease and simplicity:—

Children shall play with writhing snakes,
Be pleas'd to count each fold,
And view with joy each glossy scale
Of changing light and gold!

The Address to the KING, with his MAJESTY's gracious answer, cannot fail of gratifying the curiosity. It could not be presented on a more pleasing occasion.

Geographical and biographical Exercises, with Maps, &c. By William Butler, Teacher of Writing, &c. Third Edition.

MR. BUTLER is so well known for his diligence and activity in the improvement of youth, that his publications will always make their way in the world. Geography and biography are two of the most agreeable subjects by which the tender mind can be exercised.—Instructors and parents will do well thus to engage, by these exercises, the attention of children at an early period of life. And it is but justice to add, that we have seen no publication better calculated to secure this grand article of instruction.

Abrégé D'Histoire universelle, pour la Direction des Jeunes Gens, &c. Par feu M. Vernet, Professeur de Geneve. Nouvelle Edition.

THIS little *abridgment of universal history* by the late Mr. Vernet, of Geneva, possesses great merit, and it is a suitable present for young people, who, while they familiarize their minds to the principal events of history, are at the same time desirous of improving themselves in the French language. We understand that a respectable clergyman, master of an academy at Kensington, has published this edition, by which he has rendered essential service to the rising generation.

Life of Toussaint Louverture, Chief of the French Rebels in St. Domingo. To which is added, interesting Notes respecting several Persons who have acted distinguished Parts in St. Domingo. By M. Duborca. Translated from the French.

THIS is a well written piece of biography, though by no means favorable to the subject of the memoir. There are, however, many curious particulars respecting this *sable chief*—and we have no reason to question their authenticity. The publication very much engaged our attention.

Novum Organum Scientiarum: containing Rules for conducting the Understanding in the Search of Truth, and raising a solid Structure of universal Philosophy. By Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Translated from the Latin by Peter Shaw, M.D. with Notes critical and explanatory. In two Volumes.

THE works of the immortal Bacon have survived the ravages of time, and are descending with eclat to posterity. Every new edition will be acceptable; and the present, which is superior in paper and typography, will, we doubt not, meet with due encouragement.

From the perusal of the *Novum Organum,* it appears that the author possessed a mind uncommonly large and fertile. Few topics are here neglected—he ranges through the material and immaterial world, and with his vast intellect looks into all things. Indeed this work contains the germ of modern discoveries—which circumstance has contributed to bestow on Bacon that most honorable appellation, the *Father of Philosophy.* We cannot estimate sufficiently the value of such writings to the republic of letters.

The Christian Remembrancer, or short Reflections upon the Faith, Life, and Conduct of a real Christian. Sixth Edition, with Corrections.

THE repeated editions of this little volume shew the estimation in which it is held; and

this neatly printed edition is deserving of the public countenance. In this imperfect state, we want our minds stirred up *by way of remembrance*, and this treatise will assist in the accomplishment of it.

The Life of Hannah More, with a critical Review of her Writings. By the Rev. Sir Archibald Mac Sarcasm, Bart.

THE name of Mrs. More has been long known to the world, and her writings are much esteemed. Taste, genius, and piety mark her several productions. Here, however, we meet with an *anonymous* author who denies her *all* these qualities in a peremptory manner, and seems at the outset of his performance to have taken his pen into his hand with the express view of rendering her and her publications contemptible in the eyes of mankind. That Mrs. More is without her defects, no individual will pretend to assert—but that she is hypocritical in religion, and insipid in her pieces, is an accusation that will be preferred only by an inveterate enemy. From such violent charges, the offspring of prejudice, we withhold our sanction: we deem it our duty to repel an attack made by an invisible foe upon superior excellence and tried integrity.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir J. Banks, K. B. President of the Royal Society, containing Strictures on his Letter to the National Institute of France.

THE National institute of France had chosen Sir J. Banks member, in return for which the president, in the fervor of gratitude, has used some *high complimental expressions*. These expressions are in this letter highly resented. *Truth* generally lies in the middle—and here we presume her ladyship will be found on the present occasion.

The Birth Day, or moral Dialogues and Stories for the Instruction and Amusement of juvenile Readers. By Elizabeth Somerville.

A PRETTY little book to put into the hands of children—reflecting honor on the writer's genius, and happily adapted to promote juvenile improvement.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR JUNE, 1802.

IN the present month few things have occurred in the political world worthy of attention. And yet every thing relating to our own country must be deemed of moment—two or three articles therefore offer themselves to our consideration.

The blessing of peace, which has been so recently restored to us, is of such a magnitude,

as still deeply to impress the public mind. It is with pleasure we perceive from the Gazette that *Addresses* to *the King* have been presented to him from almost every corner of our island. This shews, in spite of all the perverseness of certain wrangling politicians, that the nation was desirous of peace, and are impressed with the favour received. May this impression long continue in the breasts of our fellow countrymen; then will they shew themselves deserving of the blessing.

Nor is it from these congratulatory addresses alone we judge of the welcome reception with which the peace has been honoured. On the 1st of June *Thanksgiving* sermons, on the restoration of peace, were very generally preached, and several, both by churchmen and dissenters, are published. The horrors of war cannot be too forcibly depicted—nor can the benefits resulting from peace be too highly exalted.

From France the only intelligence respects the large number of votes that are daily communicated to the government, in favour of *Buonaparte* being *Consul for Life*.

As to *St. Domingo*, concerning which we have been so long in suspence, the latest accounts assure us that *Touissant*, the black chief (concerning whom we have given some account in the body or our work) has at length formally surrendered. The French commander has written him a handsome letter on his capitulation. No further blood therefore will be shed. And we hope, that this surrender, so amicably made, may tend to meliorate the condition of

his sable countrymen. Their misery is great, their sufferings, so numerous and complicated, call for an alleviation.

At *home* the public, at least those who are most conversant with politics, have their minds engaged by *the approaching election*. Country gentlemen are becoming very profuse in their professions of patriotism—The electors, no doubt, believe them; and matters between them will be soon comfortably settled. We dread the drunkenness and confusion of *electioneering*; and but wish *Britain*, by means of her representatives, to possess every degree of happiness and prosperity.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR JUNE, 1802.

1. THIS day was observed as a thanksgiving-day through England and Wales for the restoration of peace.

3. A fire broke out at a warehouse in Great Ailiff-street, Goodman's Fields, which was formerly *Garrick's Theatre*. Some lives were lost. The flames raged for some time with an incredible fury.

4. The king's birth day observed with the usual rejoicings. A grand masquerade was given in the evening in honor of the event. The dancing continued till one o'clock in the morning, when the rotunda was thrown open, and the company sat down to an elegant supper:—

the wine was excellent, and no one went away discontented.

5. A clergyman officiating at a village near Norwich having finished his regular duty, informed his parishioners, that, as it would be inconvenient for him to attend on the thanksgiving-day, he should preach an *additional sermon* at the present time—which he actually did, to the astonishment of his hearers!

6. A girl about ten years old applied for relief at Southend, stating she had made her escape from a gang of gipsies with whom she had lived for a considerable time in a state of great misery. Her story excited much curiosity and compassion; however, it has since turned out a gross imposition.

8. Eton scholars breaking up, made a procession to Salt Hill, according to their usual custom. The whole was conducted with splendor and hilarity.

10. The benevolent intentions of government with respect to the soldiers who in the late expedition to Egypt have contracted a disorder which has terminated in a total privation of sight, were strongly manifested this day at the board of general officers, Chelsea Hospital. Two hundred and seventeen *blind men* were passed from different regiments of dragoons and infantry, to whom the following allowance, by way of annuity, is granted:—To each serjeant, 1s. 6d. per day—corporal, 1s. 2d.—drummer and private, 1s. per day. This sum is to be paid by equal half yearly payments for the remainder of their lives, and to be paid them (to

save the trouble and expence) by the collectors of the land-tax in their several parishes, to which they are to be removed either by ships or waggons, as the distance may be, at the expence of government.

12. Lord Hutchinson arrived at Dover from France.

14. Mrs. Billington made her appearance at the Liverpool theatre, and was received with the warmest acclamations of joy. On her arrival a few days before, the street before the hotel was crouded, as if the mob expected one of her favorite airs from the window of her apartment.

15. David Michaels, a Jew, went to Michael Michael, his brother, under sentence of death for uttering counterfeit silver, he presented him with half-a-guinea, when the prisoner (an atrocious villain) ripped up his belly in so shocking a manner that he is not expected to live!

18. Richard Richards was brought to Shadwell office, charged with excessive cruelty to his own child, about 18 months old, by beating it naked with a rope!—The wife interceding for him, and he discovering great contrition, he was, after strong admonitions, discharged.

20. A decent dressed woman flung herself from Blackfriar's bridge; she was, however, taken up, after great pains, and restored by the Humane Society.—With her misfortunes, which induced her to commit so rash an act, we have not been made acquainted.

22. The soldiers who killed some persons at Aberdeen on the king's birth day, are lodged in the Tolbooth, at Edinburgh, where the matter will undergo a serious investigation.

23. Three men executed at the Old Bailey, for forgery, one of whom was the unfortunate *Henry Cock*, an attorney of respectability. He was a man of easy address and genteel manners. He appeared on the platform in a neat suit of mourning, and behaved with fortitude on the melancholy occasion.

26. A most costly and beautiful specimen of cut glass ever made in this country is now just finished at a shop in Cockspur-street. It was ordered by the late Emperor of Russia, but he died before it was finished. The present emperor directed that the order given by his predecessor should be completed at his own cost, upon receiving a representation of the great loss which would otherwise be sustained.—This was an act of generosity worthy of commendation.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

(From the London Gazette.)

PHILIP JONES late of St. Giles, taylor. William Batman, jun. of Copmanthorpe, York, cornfactor. Joseph M'Cormack Bushell, Red Lion-square, tea dealer. William Besly, Barnstable, Devon, clothier. William Hemp,

Colchester, Essex, merchant. Robert Castle, Abingdon, Berks, coal-dealer. Philip Leigh, Charles-square, Hoxton, merchant. John Benson, James Benson, Niven Moore, and Joseph Wilkinson, Lancaster, merchants. Thos. Towle and Joshua Jackson, Newgate-street, warehousemen. John Middleton Twentyman, Liverpool, cooper. Joseph Butler, of Rickman's-worth, Herts, cornfactor. Robert Freebairn, Coleman-street, insurance-broker. Sarah Beaton, of Yeovil, Somerset, haberdasher. Benedict Paul Wagner, Great Manchester-street, merchant. Abraham Brown Whitley, North-Shields, merchant. Thomas Ridgway, Andrew Dodson, and Samuel Ridgway, Liverpool, merchants. William Wilson, jun. Haypark, York, cornfactor. Jas. Kilpatrick, Pope's Head-Alley, London, merchant. Matthew Candlish, Whitehaven, mercer. Pet. Crichton, of Woolwich, victualler. Henry Pullen and Thomas Roberts, of Exeter, coal-merchants. Richard Roberts, of Liverpool, brick-maker. Christopher Donlevy, Charles-street, Hatton-garden, jeweller. George Ringrose, of Welton, Northamptonshire, stuff-manufacturer. Jas. Rowson, tower-hill, linen draper. Nathaniel Dennington, jun. Loddon, Norfolk, merchant. John and James Benson, Lancaster, linen-drapers. Thomas Simpson, William Taylor, John Sanderson, and Joseph Granger, Stokesley, York, bankers. Matthew Speight, Street-side, Dewsbury, York, clothier. Peter Colley, Hanley, Stafford, ironmonger. Edward Ryley, St. Helen's, Lancaster, linen-draper. Samuel

Smith, Liverpool, merchant. Francis Brentnall, Derby, grocer. Thomas Bishop, Birmingham, bookseller. Devonshire Helman Willmott, Bristol, druggist. Thomas Blackburn, late of Hopton in Mirfield, York, clothier. William Sewell, Falcon-square, merchant. John Robinson, Prescot-street, Goodman's fields, money-scrivener. Morris Lewin Mozley, Liverpool, merchant. Robert Copland, Liverpool, merchant. Richard Dallaway, Little East Cheap, merchant. Robert Phelps, Plymouth, dealer. Thomas Brennand, Hayles's-court, Soho-square, linen-draper. J. Smith, Woolwich, hawker. John Houlding and James William Sowerby, Liverpool, merchants. William Reed, Barking Church-yard, merchant. Andrew Berkley Becks, Grosvenor-square, upholder. Stephen Hartley, Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, carpet-manufacturer. T. Dagg, South Shields, Durham, ship-owner. D. Sweetland, late of Topsham, Devonshire, coal-merchant. George Passmore, Kensington, stationer. William Hardy, Glocester, linen-draper. John Finegan, late of Threadneedle-street, merchant. Aaron Avery, New Brentford, linen-draper. Thomas Sharp, Walthamstow, ironmonger. Thomas Whitaker, Knigly, York, innkeeper. Thomas Cowlishaw, Ashborn, Derby, currier. Francis Mac Gowran, Ratcliffe Highway, grocer. Thomas Smith, Liverpool, woollen-draper. John Robinson, Old Gravel-lane, cheesemonger. William White, Southampton-buildings, brandy-merchant. Ro-

bert Preston, Liverpool, merchant. Daniel Dyson, Tottenham, grazier. James Aldis and C. Atkinson, Littleport, Cambridgeshire, shopkeepers. Lawrence Keir, Throgmorton-street, merchant. Joseph Horton, Cock-hill, Shadwell. J. Varley, jun. Shardlow, Derbyshire, cornfactor. Philip Mills, Hereford, butcher. Edw. Mundell, Scarborough, Yorkshire, corndealer. Robert William Felton Lathrop, of Portland-place, banker. George Bolton, of Whitney, Oxfordshire, brandy-merchant. Jas. Leyburn, of Hackney, merchant. J. Scott and G. Scott, of Finsbury-square, merchants. Jos. Smart, of Wolverhampton, bookseller. Rob. Greatwood, late of Glocester, grocer. George Cory, of Great Yarmouth, upholder. John Hatfield, Tiverton, Devon, merchant.

BIRTHS.

On Friday morning, the 25th, Mrs. H. Johnston of a son. On the same day, Mrs. Gibbs of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday the 22d, at Hampstead, Mr. H. Siddons, to Miss Murray, both of Covent-Garden Theatre. After the ceremony, they set off for Birmingham.

DEATH.

Lately, at his seat at Lowther, the Earl of Lonsdale, after a short illness.—In our next, some particulars of the will of this deceased nobleman will be given.

To Correspondents.

OUR friends, we doubt not, will be highly gratified with the portrait given in the present number, not only on account of the execution, in which our artist has bestowed very considerable pains, but also on contemplating the *merits* of the *Original.* We conceive it our duty, as censors of public characters, to hand down to posterity some idea of such truly philanthropic individuals, who ornament the age in which they live by the *invaluable benefits* conferred on the human race. It is impossible for us to bestow praise on DR. JENNER equal to his merits—national gratitude, and his own feelings, will be his best reward. How far his labours have proved beneficial to mankind, experience has proved, and which the approbation of the best of sovereigns has fully confirmed. We should exceed our limits, were we to go into further detail in this department, and therefore refer our readers to the opinion of the prime minister of England, as delivered in the House of Commons when this subject was debated, for the best eulogy that it is possible to pass on a man who has rendered such essential service not only to the country to which he belongs, but to mankind in general.

It has ever been the endeavor of the Proprietors of the Monthly Visitor to comply with the wishes of their friends—by whom the arrangement has been very generally approved. In concerns of this nature, as in all good governments, some few will be found who do not exactly agree with the maxims laid down—experience has fully proved this; and the increased circulation of our performance confirm the propriety of our entering on a *new series.* If Mr. S. reflects for a moment, he will discover his error respecting the Parnassian Garland; as also his other observations on the Review.

The answer to the *Good Parson* by F. B. is inadmissible.

The *Rose of Love*, from Philo, has been received, as also many other communications.

Jas. Chapman sc.

JOHN LOCKE ESQ.R

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